

ANGLO-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING

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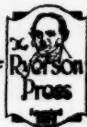


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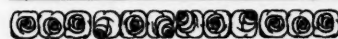
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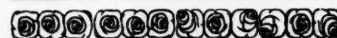


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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. X.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1929

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THE ANGLO-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING

THE British Prime Minister's visit to the American President marks the end of a period of misunderstanding between the United States and Great Britain and also a settlement of the vexed question of sea power which caused it. It is true the settlement is tentative, out of deference to the other naval Powers, and is not to be given effect until it is incorporated in a general agreement to be arrived at when the Five-Power Conference on naval limitation meets in January; but if a real agreement on essentials had not been reached by London and Washington, the British Prime Minister would never have taken the risk of going to America to clinch it, for failure at that stage would have been a catastrophe. Both sides have made great concessions: the Americans have accepted the British claim to a larger cruiser tonnage and the British have accepted the American claim to a larger number of big cruisers. The British have brought their minimum cruiser requirements down to 339,000 tons, comprising fifty cruisers, 15 of the 10,000 ton type mounting eight-inch guns and 35 of smaller types armed with six-inch guns. The Americans set their minimum cruiser strength at 285,000 tons, to comprise either 21 of the 10,000 ton type and 10 of a smaller type or 18 of the 10,000 ton type and 15 of lighter classes. On the other naval categories agreement had already been reached, so a relative parity has been secured which obviates all fear of serious rivalry between the two greatest naval Powers. The main drawback from the American point of view is that this agreement will still entail a large cruiser-building programme, an expense which Mr. Hoover had desired to avoid. If the Americans consider it essential to build up to the requirements of this relative parity, there will be more building of American cruisers than there will be scrapping of British; but if little seems accomplished in disarmament, much has been achieved politically, and Canada, being more nearly concerned than either

Britain or the United States in an Anglo-American understanding, has cause to be profoundly grateful to the men who have cemented it.

* * *

IT is not unduly optimistic to hope that Mr. MacDonald's visit to the American President marks not only the end of an uneasy period in Anglo-American relations but the beginning of a new era of co-operation between the two English-speaking peoples; for all vital causes of friction between them have been eradicated in recent years. To put it bluntly, the latent antagonism between the Americans and the British which made their relations peculiarly brittle for a century after the war of 1812 did not arise in spite of their common origin but because of it. And it was much more conscious in the Americans than in the British. They had licked the British in their war for independence and they had held their own in the war of 1812; they felt they had fairly proved themselves as good as their British kinsmen, yet the British eclipsed them in the eyes of the world; they dominated the seas and carried the trade of the nations, they made their country the world's workshop and became the world's bankers, they cheerfully lent the Americans money to buy from them the goods they could not make for themselves; and while the Americans toilfully planted and reaped and pushed their frontier ever farther westward in the rough New World, the British with effortless power swayed the destinies of the Old. The Americans might be born free and equal but the British seemed born free and easy. The Americans on their prairies might hold themselves proudly aloof from the world, but it irritated them nevertheless to see the British from their island over-run it and dominate it. An irrational jealousy was bred, just as there is often between individuals who are blood relations a jealousy that would not exist if it were not for the tie. But in recent years the last vestiges of this jealousy have disappeared concurrently with the rise of the United States to a position of political and economic power rivalling that of the British Empire. To-day the United States lends Britain

money and British ex-Cabinet Ministers sit on the boards of English development companies financed by Wall Street.

* * *

A PART from this latent psychological antagonism there grew up in the last century two deep-rooted political differences between the English-speaking peoples which threatened to estrange them. These were the Irish question and the difference over the Freedom of the Seas. Of these the Irish question was the one which most affected the American public, since there were as many Irish Nationalists in American politics as there were in Ireland. The new friendliness which should have been engendered by Americans and British fighting side by side in the late war was stifled by the increased bitterness of the Anglo-Irish struggle. So long as the British were shooting Irishmen they could not hope for American friendship; but in 1922 the Irish Treaty removed for ever that cause of estrangement, and when the forces of an Irish Government of an Irish Free State shot up Irish Republicans in the streets of Dublin their bullets killed the Irish Question on the other side of the Atlantic. The one serious cause of friction left was the matter of the Freedom of the Seas. That it will not long be permitted to remain unsettled is indicated by the fact that the present British Government favours a new understanding of sea rights more consonant with the American view; but a better guarantee of agreement being reached on this question is to be found in the agreement on naval parity just concluded. For parity has ineluctable implications which must have been digested by the statesmen on both sides. It is known that in the early years of the great war the Americans would have liked to frustrate the British blockade, but their navy was so inferior that they could not exert sufficient diplomatic pressure to make their wishes effective. Now in any future contingency of a similar nature, naval parity ensures that either country would be strong enough to thwart the other. This makes a new understanding on sea rights compulsory to both; and in view of the Kellogg Pact it will have to be based on the principles of the new world order rather than the old. In effect, it must put the rights of all the nations above the advantage of any one people, and it must ultimately involve sanctions, of a negative kind at least, against any war-making Power.

* * *

THE joint statement issued by the British Premier and the American President warrants the hope that this last material cause of difference between their peoples is in a fair way to settlement. Of the many indications that the American feeling towards the British is no longer tinged by suspicion, the new American immigration law is perhaps the surest. Under the provisions of that Act the British quota has been nearly doubled and sixty-five thousand British are invited to migrate to the United States every year, the British quota almost equalling those of all other races put together. Such an Act would never have got through the complicated processes of American legislation if the most cordial relations with Great Britain had not been generally regarded as assured.

On the British side we know that Mr. MacDonald only spoke the simple truth when he told the Americans that he came to their country on his friendly mission not as the leader of a party but as the representative of a united people. Had Mr. Baldwin been returned to power in the last elections he would have done the same; but if it is partly the fortune of politics that the Labour Party should get the credit of this cementing of Anglo-American friendship, it is a distinction of which they may well be proud.

* * *

THE new British foreign policy, however, demands not only good relations with the United States but also with Europe, and the repercussions of the Anglo-American understanding on the Continent must be taken into account. In Germany it has been well received, in Italy badly; most important, of course, is its effect on France, and it cannot be denied that the impression created in France has been disagreeable. In a matter of this kind French opinion usually coalesces on the right—that political section which is nationalistic above all; and the foreign policy of the French nationalists since the war has been consistently opposed to an Anglo-American 'entente' for the very simple, and, as it appears to them, good reason that it is incompatible with their hopes of consolidating the Anglo-French *entente* into an exclusive alliance (Locarno notwithstanding). Their argument to the English has been roughly this: 'The League of Nations is all very well, but it does not give security. Security for us, and in the end for you, depends on force. We have redrawn the map of Europe on fair nationalistic lines and if we hold together we can now ensure peace for the future, for our old enemies are weakened and the new States are on our side. We will also be strong enough to safeguard our interests against other world Powers which are logically destined to be your rivals abroad. The war has proved that your island position is now a danger rather than a strength: the Channel is no longer a guarantee against invasion, for you can be invaded by air with more terrible effect than by an army, while the submarine can isolate you from the sources of your food. Sea power counts for much in your relations with other continents, it counts for little in your relations with Europe. But ally your sea power with our land forces, combine our sea and air fleets, agree to united action with us, and we are together invincible.' The proposed Anglo-French accord of last year would have advanced this policy had it been accepted by the English, for it would have made the two navies complementary to each other and also guaranteed the maintenance of adequate French land forces by withdrawing trained reserves from the scope of any future disarmament agreements. But the Anglo-French accord was rejected by the English, a new English Government came into power and proceeded to make the most definite advances towards an *entente* (as the French put it) with the United States. The French hope of an exclusive alliance with England which would have given them 'security' is shattered, and now the fear of an Anglo-Saxon hegemony is added to the old fear of attack from across the Rhine.

THE effects of this state of French opinion could be observed at the League Assembly in September. From a practical point of view it was perhaps the most successful session ever held: the advent of a strong, liberal British delegation for the first time in years gave an impetus to constructive proposals and stirred other delegations to a generous emulation. Fourteen nations, including all the British, subscribed to the Optional Clause of the World Court Protocol, raising the total number of signatory nations to forty-three; the necessary action was taken to permit United States' adhesion to the World Court, to prepare for the bringing of Articles 12 and 15 of the Covenant into accord with the Kellogg Pact, and to promote the scheme to provide financial assistance to any nation attacked by a Pact-breaker. Also, concrete form was given to plans for furthering economic co-operation and for the holding of a world economic conference in the near future. None were more prominent in promoting most of these projects than the French, but a strong political undercurrent influenced their relations to the British delegation.

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WHEN we last wrote in these columns the only reports from Geneva available were the press despatches of the first days of the session, and they gave no hint of the most significant import of Mr. MacDonald's speech to the Assembly. Fuller reports showed that the British Premier's League policy had changed in an important particular. Five years ago Mr. MacDonald championed the famous Geneva Protocol, which, if it had been adopted, would have bound all League members in a common agreement to provide strong sanctions against a war-making nation. France, Poland, and the Little Entente backed the Protocol with enthusiasm since the effect of some of its provisions would have been to stereotype the present European frontiers; but just because of that reason—that it was not sufficiently elastic to bear the strain of future stresses—the Protocol was shelved. From the beginning a strong section of British opinion was against it, but Mr. MacDonald regretted its loss and prophesied its revival. Yet his speech to the Assembly this year made it clear that so far as he is concerned the Protocol is finished: he took the ground that the Kellogg Pact had made a radical change in the whole peace outlook and must be the starting point of the future peace work of the League, which should be along the line of mutual trust between the nations instead of distrust. And he urged that the Covenant of the League itself should be 'brought up to date' by pruning away 'certain clauses' based on assumptions 'that already represent a dead age if we can make this Pact effective.' All thought of positive sanctions is thus abandoned, and the French hopes of security through a revival of the Protocol have gone glimmering. It was naturally concluded by the French that this *volte-face* of the British Premier's is a concession to American opinion, since the United States has always been hostile to the Protocol idea: The British seemed mystified by their Premier's change of ground, but the editor of the *London Nation* probably saw farther than most when he

conjectured that Mr. MacDonald's ultimate aim is not the purely selfish one of consolidating Anglo-American relations but the high ambition of bringing the United States into closer co-operation with the League of Nations. For the chief American objection to the League from the beginning has been the implication of sanctions which is in the Covenant itself, and this objection is reiterated in the joint statement just issued by the British Premier and the American President.

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IF the above is the correct reading of Mr. MacDonald's mind, his new departure in League policy will seem justified in British eyes. But not in French. The abandonment of the Protocol by its English champion was a cruel blow to France's hopes, and it was followed by a heavier when Lord Cecil brought up in the disarmament committee the matter of 'trained reserves' and reasserted the old British insistence on their limitation which had been withdrawn last year by Lord Cushendun. This deliberate opposition to one of France's most cherished aims dissipated in French minds the last shred of doubt as to the English intentions. The new English policy of friendship with all and special alliance with none may be (and is) in complete accord with Britain's Locarno and League commitments; but to French nationalists it is an affront, almost a betrayal. It was perhaps in concession to this feeling that M. Briand seemed to push forward his project of a United Europe in such a manner as to subtly convey to the English the unpleasant possibilities for them of a Europe unified to resist the threat of Anglo-American domination. Despite the polite invitations to the English to participate in the discussion of the matter, the fact remains obvious that in a United Europe of the kind suggested by M. Briand (political as well as economic, with a federal link), England would have no place. For how could the British Empire and Dominions be part of a United Europe, and yet how could Britain be a part of a United Europe without them? The idea of a United Europe crouched beyond their Channel was obviously disagreeable to the English; judging by the press it got, they did not like it at all.

* * *

CERTAINLY it is not going to be easy for the British to carry out their new foreign policy and maintain cordiality with both Europe and America. At present they seem to be in danger of losing as much goodwill on the Continent as they have gained on this side of the water. Yet the very fact that M. Briand must conjure up the vision of a United Europe to answer the new British move shows the weakness of the French position. A federated Europe should bring more good than ill to the world, since national differences would for long ensure that it would act unitedly only on the defensive; but granting that it might be inimical to Britain if it comes, a 'United States of Europe' will take time; and Time is what the British want. The States of Europe are disunited; those of America are strongly welded. The British Empire and the United States, acting in harmony to promote the ideals of the League and the Peace Pact, could ensure the peace of the world for the critical years

ahead: by the time Europe is united, and Russia, China, perhaps a South American *bloc*, have developed their potential powers, the whole world will be so knit together by the bonds of culture, commerce, and finance, that any fear of a clash between the British Empire or the U.S.A. and those other colossal units may prove to have been chimerical. The steady growth of organizations interlocking the interests of the most powerful forces in the various nations is accelerated every year. An international bank is now being organized in Europe, a world wheat pool is being contemplated here in America, international cartels are becoming as common as gooseberries, and national industries are becoming internationalized by the sudden growth of the new branch-factory system. When we meditate on these and similar developments of our time we believe that in a generation or two our national interdependence will be complete and clear to all. And then, surely, war should be 'unthinkable.' But in the years immediately ahead, the responsibility of the English-speaking peoples will be great: they may find it not too difficult to co-operate, but it will be harder for them to resist the temptation to dominate.

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

NOTES AND COMMENT

HERR STRESEMANN

HERR STRESEMANN was a rare man. He believed that a statesman should lead, not follow, the crowd, and he had the courage of his conviction. That is why he had enemies so bitter that at times he went in danger of assassination, but that also is the secret of the great achievements of his short career. In 1923, when at the age of forty-five he became Chancellor, his country was distracted by civil strife and threatened by separatism, its currency was inflated, its richest area occupied by an invader. In the three stormy months of his Chancellorship he steadied the nation: the Bavarian separatist movement was checked, the currency was stabilized, the Dawes Plan was germinated, the negotiations with France which ultimately ended the occupation of the Ruhr were begun. In the succeeding Government he became Foreign Minister, and in that capacity he carried out the policy which he believed held most promise for his country. It was a policy of accepting the inevitable and making the best of it. He had been a staunch supporter of the old German order, and he was among those who most resented its destruction; but he was capable of adjusting himself to new conditions, and once he had accepted the Republic he was loyal to it and worked passionately for its interests, which, he was convinced, necessitated the acceptance of the Versailles Treaty in the present and the pacification of Europe in the future. In the past few years we have seen the fruits of his policy in the negotiation of the Locarno Treaties, the entrance of Germany to the League of Nations, the settlement of the reparations question, the early evacuation of the Rhineland, and the proposed return to Germany of the Saar. Herr Stresemann's success was due as much to his in-

tegrity as to his adroitness, for it came to be realized by foreign statesmen that while he, as a patriot, would drive the hardest of bargains, he would keep the spirit as well as the letter of every compact he made; and the respect he commanded in the League Council and Assembly soon deepened to an admiration warmed by friendship. He died in harness, killed by overwork, in his fifty-second year. His epitaph might fittingly be taken from his own words, spoken when he brought his people into the League of Nations: 'The man who serves humanity best is he who, rooted in his own nation, develops his spiritual and mental endowments to their highest capacity, so that, growing beyond the limits of his own nation, he is able to give something to the whole of humanity, as the great ones of all the nations have done.' For Gustav Stresemann was such a man, and his death is mourned beyond the borders of his own country and of Europe.

PRESERVATION OF WILD LIFE

CANADIANS are undoubtedly beginning to take an interest in the preservation of their wild life. One frequently comes across articles and reports of speeches referring to birds and animals as a 'valuable asset,' to money spent on their preservation as an 'investment,' and to the 'dividends' which they will return to us. Other writers even call them a 'priceless heritage.' But journalistic verbiage apart, many practical things are being said and done to delay the destruction of wild life brought about by the spread of human population and by the ever increasing range of the sportsman's activities. We have signed a Migratory Birds Preservation Treaty with the United States which does a great deal to prevent the reckless shooting of game birds in both countries. We have established a number of sanctuaries, both public and private, where killing of any sort, at any season of the year, is forbidden. And, perhaps most important of all, the children in public schools, in a great many parts of the country, are being taught that birds and animals have rights and privileges, and it is a miserable thing to destroy them needlessly. There is also a growing feeling against the wasteful plucking and uprooting of wild flowers and the maiming of trees. To foster and develop this sentiment a number of organizations have been formed, most of which publish journals or pamphlets from time to time.

* * *

A great deal, however, yet remains to be done, and a correspondent writes from Sarnia giving us a number of valuable suggestions. It is pointed out, for instance, that a great deal more could still be achieved in the public and high schools, than is yet being attempted, to create a humane attitude in the minds of the coming generation. (In parenthesis, we might point out that practically nothing is being done along this line in private schools, and that it is noticeable that the graduates from them are far more callous toward birds and animals than

are those from the provincial schools.) Our correspondent also points out that with a minimum of effort and enthusiasm every golf course in the country could be made into a moderate-sized sanctuary where all forms of wild life would be safe from destruction. While some of these, owing to their 'geography,' would be less valuable than others, the majority of them are so composed of a variety of wood, stream, and grassland that, if a little trouble were taken to attract birds and animals and to protect them from the idle caddie, while his employer is digging in a bunker, they might easily become a home for many different species and a veritable garden of wild flowers.

* * *

These are but a few of the means by which all forms of our wild life could be fostered, but to set going such activities and to take full advantage of the real and widespread sympathy which exists for such objects, it will be necessary to form a central and strong organization. Such a club or society would link up with all existing organizations such as the S.P.C.A., the Forestry Association, the scientific and semi-scientific societies, with which mutual assistance could be arranged, and with the various governmental departments concerned. It would also naturally publish a magazine which would not only give reports of the society's activities but could also be an invaluable medium for the publication of all sorts of articles on natural-history subjects from geology to animal (including human) behaviour. Such a publication would have a very wide appeal as, if well edited, it would attract the specialist, the humanitarian, the conservationist, the farmer interested in the relation between wild life and his crops, and that vast body who are interested in natural history for its own sake.

THE CANADIAN FORUM hopes for the establishment of such an organization and such a journal at an early date. The need for them is pressing.

CITY SONG

I would sing of city trees
Spreading fans of smoky lace.
I would sing of children playing
In an open earthy place.—
Placid cats on sunny steps,
Eager, busy little birds—
They are making music in me
I would like to put to words!
There are smokes of mauve and gold,
There are yellow bricks, and red.
Men are building crimson metal
To a blue sky overhead.
They are drilling shafts of steel
With a dull insistent sound,
And a purple nose is prying
From a weed root underground.

Shall I sing of silent meadows
Greening many miles away
When the sun is on the city
And the year is in the May?

DORA M. SANDERS.



IF there is anything which will raise our Canadian politicians in the general estimation it is the speeches which our Canadian business men deliver to one another when they get together in their annual 'Parliament of Business.' It has long been taken for granted in this country that for pure meaningless clap-trap the debate on the Speech from the Throne at Ottawa is without a rival. But its easy pre-eminence in this respect is now in danger. If the recently organized Canadian Chamber of Commerce lives up to its early oratorical promise our business leaders will soon have the politicians green with envy. Their speech-fest took place at Edmonton and Calgary this year; and, to judge from the newspaper reports, they need take no lessons from anybody in the art of waxing eloquent about noble generalities and of side-stepping any particular concrete problems which happen to be in controversy at the moment. The only question which arises in one's mind after reading the account of their doings is why they should have invited in a political spell-binder like Mr. Bennett when they have so many performers of their own who can do his sort of turn just as well as he can himself.

Our business men are never tired of posing as hard-headed practical men of action and of pouring scorn on the frothy rhetoric of the politicians. And here are some samples of what emerged from the 'Parliament of Business' this year. They passed a resolution favouring a national policy about the St. Lawrence waterway without telling us which national policy they mean—the public ownership one of Ontario or the private-ownership one of the Montreal power barons; they left that minor detail to be threshed out by the politicians. They spent three solid days in making the convention halls re-echo with their loud determination to increase Empire trade without it ever occurring to any of them to suggest a few of the particular commodities in which they wish to see that trade increased. Were they thinking of Lancashire cottons or Northampton shoes or New Zealand butter, for example? And just what did Mr. Birks mean in that polished gem of oratory from his presidential address—'It is Canada first and our Empire next. Intra-Imperial trade is the question of the hour, and after that all the friendly foreign trade we can secure'? After three days of blah of this kind, when our business leaders pose as men of wide statesmanlike vision, one can only admire them for their nerve. But they do get away with it somehow. Read the editorials on their meetings in almost any of our Canadian newspapers.

* * *

THE prize performance of the Canadian Parliament of Business this year was the resolution calling for a conference of the commercial and industrial leaders of the Empire to discuss Empire trade. This resolution, so we are informed

by the Canadian Press, 'was regarded by the convention as the most important forward step yet taken by a Canadian body towards furthering Empire trade.' Considering that Mr. Bennett has been keeping down his weight all summer by oratorical exercises on the theme of an Empire economic conference and that Mr. King has been delivering oracular hints from Kingsmere on the same subject, this claim of the business men to priority would seem to be a bit doubtful. But, after all, the motive behind this sudden outburst of enthusiasm for the conference idea among the politicians and business men is so patent to everybody that the question of who thought of it first hardly matters. An Imperial Economic Conference is meant to perform exactly the same function as one of these Disarmament Conferences at Geneva. It is meant to give all concerned a beautiful opportunity for expressing the most noble sentiments and for avoiding at the same time any action which would tend to carry those sentiments into practice. We had an Imperial Economic Conference in 1923; and, in spite of the most strenuous and skilful obstetrical services by Messrs. Bruce and Amery, the mountains after long labour brought forth a ridiculous mouse in the shape of a few petty preferential duties on dried fruits and canned salmon. Then the unkind Mr. MacDonald promptly killed the mouse. An Economic Conference in 1930 will have just about the same result; and that is why Canadian politicians and business men are so enthusiastic for it.

* * *

IF we in Canada really want to develop Imperial trade there is a very simple and straightforward way of doing it. Let us increase the British Preference. That will enable us to buy more British goods and it is the only effective thing we can do collectively to increase Empire trade, since we already sell to the Empire several times as much as we buy from it. It will also enable us to substitute some British goods for some of the flood of American goods which causes such perturbation among all our red-blooded Imperialists. And we need no Imperial Conference resolutions to help us to do this. All that is needed is a simple change in our tariff law at the session of Parliament next spring. But just watch our Bennetts and all our Imperialists when one of the western Progressive members proposes such a step at Ottawa next spring. And just watch the sudden chill which will come over the Imperialist fervor of most of our Chambers of Commerce at such a proposal. If Mr. King and his government had any courage they would call the bluff of all these worthy gentlemen and steal their Imperialist thunder by lowering the tariff bars against British goods; and incidentally they would earn the gratitude of every Canadian consumer. But everyone knows that Mr. King and his government are too much afraid of the so-called Liberal manufacturers to risk such a step. Hence the universal enthusiasm for a Conference in London where there will be a great deal of magnificent talk for the benefit of the booboisie at home and a great deal of magnificent entertainment for the benefit of the delegates on the spot—and where nothing else whatsoever will happen.

* * *

THE hard fact is that there are several obvious obstacles in the way of any such great increase of intra-Imperial trade as will upset our settled habits of trading where we find trade to be most profitable. In the first place the reason why we in Canada buy so many American goods is that American goods suit our needs and tastes. If English goods are to supplant these American goods on any large scale English producers will have to study our Canadian needs and tastes; and then they will have to hire some American sales managers to teach them the technique of selling goods on this continent. And in the accomplishment of all this an Imperial Economic Conference will be about as useful as a trip to the moon.

Moreover, there is still the same old difficulty that has been facing us for the last half century. The things which Britain wants to sell us are manufactured articles; and these must compete in Canada not merely with American manufactures but with Canadian manufactures. No one who knows anything about the present balance of power in Canada imagines for a moment that our Canadian manufacturers will submit without a struggle to any serious competition in this country from British goods. And, as long as they continue to supply the campaign contributions, neither of our political parties will be so inconsiderate as to inconvenience them in this way. On the other hand the goods which we have chiefly to sell to Great Britain are wheat and other foodstuffs. No one who has watched British general elections since 1905 imagines that the British consumer is going to deprive himself of the benefit of world competition among food producers by putting on a tariff in favour of Dominion foodstuffs. The sooner we all recognize these unescapable facts and shout down all spell-binders who want to ignore them, the better it will be for Imperial relations.

ANOTHER matter on which a great deal of eloquence has been wasted during the past year is the subject of British immigration. It is now obvious to everyone who has paid any attention to our immigration problems in Canada that we are in no position to absorb a great stream of mass immigration just now and that the British workman, in spite of hard times, is in no mood to take part in such a movement. Large schemes of state-aided immigration are not wanted by anyone except the enthusiasts who would pick up soft jobs in the schemes. The only source from which a large immigration in the form of a mass movement is likely to be available in the near future is Central and Eastern Europe; and the only people in Canada who want such a large immigration are the contractors and big business men who are looking for cheap, ignorant, unorganized and docile labour. English labour, it may be remarked, with its trade union traditions, is just what most of these gentlemen, in spite of their fine Imperialist speeches, do not want. But it is not likely to come in any big quantities anyway.

* * *

ONE wonders if any of these obvious facts ever dawn upon any of the distinguished English visitors who seem to be coming to

this country in greater swarms just now than the English immigrants. Probably not. They come out here to study the country, so they tell us, and their study apparently takes the form of continuous speech-making. They meet in each of the big cities a carefully selected group of that type of Canadian whose chief ambition in life has been to achieve an English accent, or failing that, to achieve at least an English butler; and they go home convinced that every Canadian reads *Punch* and is pining for a revival of titles. In the whole course of their travels they never come into contact with a real dirt farmer or a real Canadian working-man. They take all the Imperialist oratory of our politicians

and business men at its face value; and then, a few years after their return home, they wonder pathetically why the oratory has not yet been translated into action. They are the chief causes of misunderstanding between Canada and Britain. We badly need a few English visitors who are capable of seeing us as we are. In spite of many disappointments, I still hope to meet an Englishman sometime before I die who has come out here without any letters of introduction to the best people and who has managed to travel across Canada with his eyes open and his mouth shut. But then I am an incurable optimist about the Empire.
F. H. U.

THIS INSUBSTANTIAL PAGEANT

Reflections on the American Political Scene

By EDGAR McINNIS

IV.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE

ON July 29th of this year the following brief item appeared in the *New York Times*:—

Corning, Mo.: A feeling of helplessness settled over this little town yesterday with receipt of a telegram from Senator Hawes stating that there was small hope the War Dept. could act to save the town from destruction by the Missouri River.

Mr. Rundle wired Senator Hawes yesterday requesting that he appeal for aid from army engineers in holding back the river, which is eating its way toward the homes of the village at the rate of five to twenty feet a day.

Senator Hawes' telegram said he had referred the town's problem to the War Dept., but he was informed, since the situation did not involve any phases touching on river navigation, it was doubtful if aid would be forthcoming.

One hopes that Senator Hawes was misinformed. One hopes that, even if his information was correct, the amiable bureaucrats of the War Office found means of connecting river navigation with the salvation of Corning, Mo. Possibly by the time twenty feet of the village itself had fallen into the river they might discover that it obstructed the channel, and thus be enabled to save the remainder with a clear conscience. And meanwhile it would no doubt be salutary for the villagers to have occasion to reflect upon the workings of 'a government of the people for doing the will of the people by consent of the people.'

The incident itself, of course, is only another illustration of a familiar phenomenon. The wheels of government, even—or especially?—of so-called democratic government, have an inevitable tendency to move ponderously. Politicians in all countries are only too apt to develop a congenital antipathy to direct activity. You can never be sure who may be irritated by any given action; it is safest to move only when pressure becomes irresistible. But different governments exhibit varied degrees of responsiveness to the pressure of public opinion. The power of inertia varies in different lands. And it is probably safe to say that this power is exhibited in its highest form by the Federal government of the United States.

There are a number of reasons for this, many of them common to all popular governments. But one factor, and not the least important, is peculiarly exemplified in the government of the United States. That factor is the separation of powers.

For in a parliamentary system such as we know in Canada the channel between the voter and the executive is comparatively direct, however badly it may at times be clogged. The individual representative knows that he must justify before his constituents, not merely his own individual actions, but the corporate policy of the administration which he supports. That administration is, in theory at least, the creation of the majority in the legislative body and the means by which the desires of that majority are carried into effect. And thus a coherent movement of popular opinion is very apt (though admittedly not always certain) to affect the course of action, not only of individual members, but of the administration which embodies the corporate policy of the party in power.

That is one aspect. Another is reciprocal and complementary. The legislative majority looks to the executive for leadership in the formulation of policy, and vigour in embodying that policy in concrete measures. Both are possible through the interdependence—one might almost say the identification—of ministers and their supporting majority. And behind ministers and majority alike is the body of voters to whom, in the last analysis, they must make a united appeal.

These elements are absent from the constitution of the United States. One channel of the popular will leads to the legislature, and there it stops. Another and a much narrower one leads to the head of the executive—a channel which for practical purposes is open only once in every four years. And, speaking generally, the two never meet; with the result, not merely of the separation of the functions of government, but of the dispersal and dissipation of the power of popular opinion.

It might indeed seem that this theoretical result would be largely modified in practice. After all, the representatives of the people must seek a renewal of their mandate at stated intervals. Surely this in itself should guarantee that the House, and

even the more independent Senate, would fairly accurately represent the public will. But here enters the second factor noted above. The legislative majority lacks, not only effective control of the executive, but that effective leadership and unity which a parliamentary executive contributes. The result is the loss of a sense of corporate responsibility, a tendency for the representative to ignore the broader popular movements and consider only the narrower interests of his own small community. Under these conditions a popular movement that is to achieve results must be literally overwhelming.

There could be no more significant illustration of this situation than the present plight of the tariff. It is difficult to pronounce with finality on the actual state of public opinion in so broad a country as the United States; but it is reasonably safe to say that the Hawley-Smoot bill has raised no popular enthusiasm and a great deal of popular antipathy. The elementary truth that a tariff is a tax on a large body of consumers for the benefit of a small body of producers is at length, by means of practical illustration, penetrating the consciousness of the American public. Yet it is doubtful whether this balance of hostile sentiment will have any noticeable effect on the measure. Its fate will be decided, not by what the people think, but by what the interests want.

The present tariff measures originated ostensibly as a measure of farm relief. The farmers, it was said, were under-protected. Let their products receive the same blessings as those of industry, and the full dinner-pail and the full garage would make their belated appearance on the prairies of the West. So Congress in its special session decreed for tariff revision upward. With smothered whoops of joy the industrialists rushed to take advantage of the opening, and Congress welcomed them with open arms. The plaint of the consumer went unheeded; for Congress was desirous chiefly of remedying any sign of distress in those industries to whose prosperity it so loves to point with pride. Few neutral observers are likely to accuse it of niggardliness in this worthy cause.

Take, for instance, the case of cement, as described by Mark Sullivan in the *New York Herald-Tribune*. He says:—

Of the entire cement industry more than 99½ per cent. is immune from foreign competition. Less than one-half of one per cent. meets foreign competition. This fraction consists of a few plants located on the Atlantic seaboard where European cement, chiefly Belgian, can come in with low ocean freight rates. To protect this fraction of the American industry, a tariff has been put on cement.

And from another source comes the statement that one of the items in the tariff on shoes was included because a single manufacturer declared that on one single type of shoe he was unable to meet the competition of one solitary firm in Czecho-Slovakia. Surely generosity could go no further.

Or there is that still more striking instance of tenderness toward distressed corporations exhibited in the case of the duty on manganese. For some time manganese producers have had the benefit of a duty of one cent per pound. The House, asked to free-list this ore for the benefit of the steel industry, refused, and the schedule went to the Senate

committee unaltered. Then, according to *Time*, followed this sequence of events:

(1) The Finance Committee by a vote of 7 to 4 first rearranged the manganese ore tariff on metal content, in effect increasing the duty.

(2) From Moscow came the announcement that the U.S. Steel Corp. had signed a five-year contract with the Soviet for from 80,000 to 150,000 tons of Georgian manganese ore per annum.

(3) Reconsidering, the Finance Committee reversed itself, voted 6 to 5 to free-list manganese ore, with a saving of between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 in duties to the U.S. Steel Corp. on its Russian contract alone.

Thus is the blessedness of giving exemplified—when the recipient is in a position to show tangible gratitude by favours in return.

It is possible that the bill may yet be drastically revised in the Senate. It is even possible that a deadlock may prevent the passage of any bill at all. But it will not be public opinion that will bring this about. The legislators are concerned only with those items which affect their own constituencies; for the general body of consumers they show little regard. A Massachusetts senator who has satisfied Boston by securing an embargo on all books containing ideas is apt to be wholly academic in his sympathy for, say, a Nebraskan senator whose constituents are imperfectly convinced that their interests are being served by a 20 per cent. tariff on shoes. There is, let it be said again, no sense of corporate responsibility by the party. For a party is now nothing but a machine for winning elections; it is no longer an organization for giving effect to the popular will.

So the fate of the tariff will be determined, not by public opinion, but by the battle of the interests involved. It is possible that the construction companies may bring a reduction in the duties on cement. It is possible that the refineries will triumph in their stand against a higher duty on raw sugar. But in none of these cases will the interests of the consumer be considered. For it is the voice of the magnates that reaches the ear of Congress and is as the voice of God. The consumer merely votes; it is the magnates who contribute the campaign funds. The American politician has long ago decided which is the more important.

EARTH IS MORE LOVELY NOW

Earth is more lovely now, since your dear head
Lies on her breast; now, since your little face
Finds, folded in her arms, its resting place.
All earth is changed since now where'er I tread
My feet approach you in your quiet bed.
Since you are of the earth, and all earth dear,
And I so close, her secret words I hear.
Whispers of trees now leave me comforted.
In growing things my quickened eyes now see
Beauties that, had you lived, had been your own;
And earth will bring you closer still to me,
Giving me clearer sight than I have known.
I shall yet hold you, press you to my breast,
Since in her loveliness you stand confessed.

PHYLLIS COATE STRATFORD.

CLARA AND EVA

By JEAN BURTON

WHEN the Steibels moved to Hamburg in the south of Saskatchewan Clara and Eva were big girls and through with school. In the town they were leaving there was a German Mennonite Academy where all the Steibel children had gone; it cost more than the public school, but it was a good investment. The Mennonite Academy encouraged no subversive doctrines, one's girls did not grow up with extravagant desires or immodest ways, no doubts assailed them concerning either the place of God in the universe or the place of man in the home, it taught them to be quiet; and Mr. Steibel liked quiet in the household except at such times as he himself wished to be noisy and cheerful, when it was understood that his family should feel the same way.

Mr. Steibel sold his butcher shop there at a profit and bought the butcher business in Hamburg cheap. His oldest son Karl was married before the family moved and they had the excitement of packing and of the wedding celebrations simultaneously. Mrs. Steibel was dead and there were left only Clara and Eva, the twelve year old boy Heinrich, and the dogs. The dogs were a pair of beige-coloured hounds who looked as though they were fed too much meat. For that matter all the family looked as though they were fed too much meat. The hounds had a strong smell, and slept and snored on the sofas, perpetually dusty from these visitations, and covered with yellowish or reddish damasks originally used for the dining-room table between meals. They were outrageously pampered animals and allowed the run of the house, which, wherever the Steibels lived, was at the back of the butcher shop.

Both Clara and Eva were plump, with blue eyes and yellow hair and pretty pink faces a little heavy around the chin and a little oily around the nose from much fat rich food. Their hands were plump too, short and soft and red, the nails were cut for convenience rather than beauty, and they fuzzed their hair at the sides.

Both the girls painted and both played the piano. Eva played the piano better than she painted and Clara painted better than she played the piano. Clara's water-colours were admired a great deal. In the part of the province where they had lived first it had been flat prairie with no trees or hills, but only flat stubble fields, flat wheat fields and flat grazing fields alternately, with flat roads running between them and a flat sky over them. It had been hard for Clara to find scenes suitable for sketching, so she had not painted exactly from nature as a rule but had added a cosy house on one side of a picture, and a sun sinking or rising in the middle, and had put a clump of comfortable looking trees on the other side (to balance the house) while a horse or a cow or a few birds filled the rest of the space. They had quite a homey air when Clara was finished with them and, hung on the walls of the rooms behind the butcher shop, made them in

turn even more homey and filled up and cluttered than before. There were knick-knacks everywhere in the Steibel rooms, covering the yellow draped shawl on the piano, lining the window sills behind the crocheted white lace curtains (they were safe enough, as the windows were seldom opened) and shelves, and pinned to the heavy green draperies that separated the kitchen from the dining-room on one side and the two bedrooms from the dining-room on the other side. There was usually smoke in the air too, and the smell of cooking, for the Steibels ate large quantities of food at frequent intervals.

Few of Eva's pictures were to be seen, however, for Eva did not invent trees and houses and animals to fill in hers, balancing one nicely against the other; the truth was that Eva was none too strong on balance in any sense. It was not that she was free-spirited or adventurous or independent or anything of that sort, but merely that she was not clever enough, like Clara, even to perceive the need for them, and moreover that she was incurably lazy. Eva, like Clara, found the prairies monotonous and preferred to stay inside as much as possible and not look at them. She admired Clara's modifications of prairie landscapes enormously, though, and thought very poorly of her own creative efforts; as she had every reason to do.

But since Eva played the piano better than her sister Clara, it was Eva who gave piano lessons, mostly to little girls, but also to an occasional little boy whose parents had fifty cents a week to waste. There was another music teacher in Hamburg, but Eva soon had a large class again as her rates were cheap. They came for their lessons after four o'clock on school days and on Saturdays in both the morning and the afternoon. Saturdays were exciting days, between the crowded customers in the shop and the pupils in the rooms behind the shop, playing scales and exercises and marches and waltzes. Mostly marches and waltzes, as Eva was impatient of technique and more inclined to place faith in a use of the loud pedal so fervent that sometimes the ornaments on top of the piano fell with a muffled crash upon the yellow silk drape, and marked their collapse with a small meekly rising curl of dust. While the pupils played their lessons over and the metronome ticked with fury, the two hounds snored on the bumpy sofa and Clara in the kitchen cooked things with lardy smells; but the smell of the dogs was stronger than that of the things Clara cooked, and lingered when these had passed away.

Between customers, Mr. Steibel would come out from the shop in his shirt sleeves and an apron with dull red and brown stains on it, and would go to the kitchen and get something to eat and sit down beside the dogs while he ate it, and share it with them. When one of the Steibels ate all the others at once became hungry too, and always had. From the sofa he joked with the pupils about their play-

ing, and with Eva about her teaching, and made humorous allusions to Eva's rapping them over the knuckles if they played a false note. This caused Eva to flush and feel very uncomfortable, perhaps because she was one of those people to whom such acts are the really indecent ones, or perhaps only because she was so fat and lazy and kind-hearted. At any rate, she blushed.

But Saturday mornings and afternoons seemed short, and then, as Eva possessed a still further accomplishment which consisted of playing by ear, she usually played for one of the Saturday night dances. One of the dances; Hamburg had two Saturday night dances, as it had two music teachers, and a quite different set of people patronized each.

Thus when the Steibels came to town the only member of the family whose education was not complete was the boy, young Heinrich, and at first Heinrich went to the public school. None of the Steibels had been to a public school before, and Mr. Steibel before long discovered things about it not mentioned ordinarily in the surveys, and soon after this he sent away for the calendars of a number of Mennonite schools in the province. Of his specific objections to the public school in Hamburg he did not speak to his daughters; what he told them was, briefly, that it was godless.

The calendars came and the family read them after supper had been cleared away, sitting around the table with, just then, a green damask cover, the hanging lamp pulled down and from under its globe with the striking arboreal decorations shedding upon them a livid light from above. Master Heinrich, a fat, sly boy, read the lists of rules and offered thoughtful objections, based on the expensiveness of these institutions, to going away from home at all. Clara was not interested; Eva, strangely, was. Eva seldom exerted herself to this extent, but early in their deliberations she said she thought the Academy Heinrich should go to was the one named after an apostle whom she declared to have been her favourite for many years, though it was the first the family had heard of her making any such distinction between the apostles.

But it was here that Heinrich was finally sent, and Eva kept concealed the calendar of the Academy and when she was alone would take it out and turn to, first, a page of pictures in ovals of the members of the staff ringed about the larger oval containing the principal, a bearded and venerable man; and secondly to a page showing the school hockey team, grasping hockey sticks with ferocity and strangely garbed as hockey players are, in the centre of the front row of whom squatted the team coach, who also occupied the small oval above and to the right of the Herr Principal on the first page. This young man had a short stout neck, black eyes, and a black pompadour style of haircut at once wavy and brushlike, and he played a prominent part in Eva's dreams, which were odd; though it might only have been due to the amount of meat she ate. But from then on when father Steibel made his jokes about rapped knuckles Eva blushed more than before, testifying to the strength and severity she attributed to the young man with the pompadour.

But this was not observed, and Eva went on teaching the piano, as the family said, as sweet and heavy as ever, and Clara cooked sweet and heavy foods, and the term was concluded and Heinrich came home for the holidays primed with anecdotes. Once or twice after that for shorter holidays he brought another boy with him, and eventually, as these things can always be made to happen, he brought the teacher with the pompadour, whose name was Mr. Zschiedrich. Mr. Zschiedrich's status was really that of a pupil teacher, because though he was twenty-two years old he had never succeeded in passing all the examinations in any one year. He ate much of Clara's cooking, listened to much of Eva's playing and drank much of Mr. Steibel's beer (home made, although there was a liquor store in the town; but as Mr. Steibel said, what he got in the liquor store was not the same as he made himself); and he enjoyed them all, and came back again with Heinrich the next month for a week-end.

It was fall and the threshing season, with glorious threshing weather, and Mr. Zschiedrich suggested that they should walk out in the country and see the harvesting outfits at work. So Clara and Eva put on mackinaw coats borrowed from Mr. Steibel and Heinrich and walked several miles, the girls, not used to outside exercise, breathing hard. They passed one of the new combine threshers about which everyone was talking that year, and Mr. Zschiedrich said he thought they were a very bad thing, as one machine could do the work of twenty-nine and a fraction men. Clara and Eva began to laugh, but Mr. Zschiedrich explained that he used the term twenty-nine and a fraction in a scientific sense, which had to do with mathematics; and that the Mennonite bishop in a letter to his pastors had made it quite clear about the combines being bad, because they threw these twenty-nine and a fraction men out of work and rendered them objects of charity. And in particular, many British subjects who were being gotten out of the way in their own country as fast as they could were thrown on the bounty of the German farmers of Saskatchewan, who were thrifty and never had to ask for charity; and this had to do with ethics, and even perhaps with religion.

After that the girls did not think it funny any more, but were deeply impressed by Mr. Zschiedrich's superior mind, and Mr. Zschiedrich, pleased, unbent and became loud and cheerful and used clever slang the girls had not heard before, at which they continued to be impressed but resumed their giggling. In this way they walked along arm in arm, Mr. Zschiedrich in the middle whistling either alone or accompanied by a blade of grass, and singing most amusing songs which Eva would play by ear when she got home.

They passed a field wherein a farmer, too high-principled or too poor to own a combine thresher, was riding an ordinary binder, and Mr. Zschiedrich thought it would be an original idea to go in and make some sheaves. He helped the girls through the barbed-wire fence, holding the strands apart and keeping their skirts from getting caught and

making witty and gallant remarks, and they stumbled over the wet harsh stubble and made a few sheaves. The sheaves fell down almost as they had been set up, and the farmer, who happened to ride past them just at this time on the binder, did not appear grateful for their help. They did not, naturally, feel like helping him any more after this, so they walked away. Half way across the field Clara stopped and showed Mr. Zschiedrich her hand, which had, she said, developed a blister, and Mr. Zschiedrich, also stopping, held it tenderly and made appropriate comments. After that Eva showed him her hand too, and he held it as well.

The next field contained a strawstack, and when they came to it Mr. Zschiedrich had another idea and they all climbed to the top and slid down, shrieking and gasping. They got straws down their necks and on their stockings. But Eva did not slide down after the first time, because she had heard once of a little boy who was sliding down a strawstack and fell into a hollow place in it and was smothered to death, and even after Clara and Mr. Zschiedrich pointed out to her that they would surely notice her absence before she could smother and would go to her rescue, she refused to go with them; because she remembered further that there are mice in strawstacks. So she pawed a comfortable nest for herself on the sunny side of the stack and lay there feeling lazy and sheltered until Clara came and sat beside her at the conclusion of a particularly interesting descent made jointly with Mr. Zschiedrich, and while picking the straws off her stockings and trying to locate others down her back she said to Eva that Eva should not have shown her hand to Mr. Zschiedrich, as she knew there was no blister on it, and Mr. Zschiedrich would maybe think she was throwing herself at him. She was very kind about explaining this to Eva, and Eva did not think of anything to say until she had gone.

Eva continued to lie in the straw, feeling, now, hot and prickly and jealous, until the three of them started home. She had lain so long on the sunny sheltered side of the stack that she hated to move, and the wind pierced her through and the sun was going down and her bones ached with the walk and she felt, and no wonder, thoroughly miserable. But what worried her most was what Clara had said about Mr. Zschiedrich thinking she was throwing herself at him. She thought about this all through supper-time, and after supper, when Clara was finishing the dishes in the kitchen and she was playing by ear the songs Mr. Zschiedrich had taught them during the afternoon. Mr. Zschiedrich was looking at some of Clara's pictures; but he had eaten so much of Clara's cooking that of the two forms of artistic expression he found music to possess, for the moment, the greater appeal, so he kissed Eva, who had never been kissed before. Of course she had to take it the wrong way, and say that she was glad to find out how he felt, particularly as she was afraid Clara was jealous and Clara had said that Mr. Zschiedrich might think she was maybe throwing herself at him. She laughed at this, and Mr. Zschiedrich laughed too, extremely loudly. When Clara came in again he was still

laughing, in fact, and he told her why and Clara laughed too, and Eva thought she would like to die.

That night Eva was not well and thought perhaps she was really dying, but it turned out to be only her old complaint, known in the family as gas on the stomach; and of gas on the stomach, painful though it is, one does not die. She lay awake and cried, and when she lay on her side she could not breathe so she turned and lay on her back, and the tears left each eye and ran into each ear, producing there a tickling sensation which interfered, to her annoyance, with her perfect misery. Crying did not improve Eva's looks, as it seemed to increase the size of some parts of her face; but she kept on crying none the less.

When Mr. Zschiedrich married Clara (for it was, of course, Clara that Mr. Zschiedrich married) Eva behaved quite badly. Mr. Zschiedrich continued to laugh about it but Clara, after her marriage, could not find it as amusing as before and grew, indeed, seriously displeased with her sister. However, Mr. Zschiedrich, who became as time went on more serious too, said when he had thought about it a while longer that what a great many girls in this world need is a few hard knocks, to teach them; and Clara said that was very true.

THE GARDEN

A far cry to Adam?
A far cry to Eve?
A nearer cry, madam,
Than you might believe.

In the naked city
Have you never seen,
Preposterously pretty,
A garden full of green.

Suddenly appearing
Up a barren street?
Ah, the eager veering
Thither of your feet!

Closer, you remembered
Wondrous well the place,
Such a still, Septembered,
Hospitable place.

There you sought abiding
Found that after all
Cruelly dividing
Was an unseen wall.

And you turned with bitter
Savour of past years,
While a sword-blade's glitter
Struck your torrid tears.

Come, confess it madam,
'Tis, you do believe,
A near cry to Adam,
A near cry to Eve.

ROBERT FINCH.

ERNEST AND I

By E. F. BOZMAN

I HAVE always got on well with Agatha. There was a time, long ago, when I might have married her, and now I almost wish I had. She wouldn't have had Ernest then. Ernest has just gone all adolescent and pimply, and is a great trial to me. He is fourteen, calls me Sir and wears spectacles, and his mind is revoltingly accurate on all points. I think Agatha is partly to blame because she is rather obviously proud of his intellectual powers, but one of these days unless Ernest makes a mistake of some sort she will lose me. That will be awful for her, because since her husband died of brain fever, I have tried in my small way to fill the gap. Still, there are limits.

Agatha and I were having tea the other day and getting on quite comfortably when Ernest came in. It was a half holiday at his school and he had been spending it, as was his custom, in the local Free Reference Library. I remember I was admiring their dining-room clock and as he came in I said:

'A beautiful strike your clock has, Agatha. So mellow. But rather slow. It took three seconds to strike four just then. I suppose it takes nine seconds at noon or midnight?'

'Correct him, Ernest?' said Agatha. (There, I maintain, she was wrong.)

'Your reasoning is faulty, Sir,' said Ernest. 'You see, if it takes three seconds to strike four, it will take eleven seconds to strike twelve.'

I confessed myself baffled.

'You see, Sir,' he went on, 'it's the gaps that count.'

'One day, young man,' I said firmly, 'you'll find my fist through your face; you'll be able then to really judge whether it's the gaps that count.'

'To really judge, Sir?' questioned Ernest, 'a split infinitive I must remind you.'

I was unreasonably nettled. Somehow the boy puts me all wrong; in the ordinary way I never split anything. With an effort I spoke pleasantly.

'Split or not,' I said, 'neither of us have any reason to quarrel.'

'Neither of us has, Sir,' corrected Ernest.

I felt a lump of anger rising in my throat, so I determined to change the subject and turned to Agatha.

'London can look very beautiful in the evening, can it not? As I came in the train across Charing Cross Bridge yesterday I was quite struck by the beauty of the River with the New Moon poised like a golden chalice over Blackfriars.'

'Over Westminster, Sir?' put in Ernest.

'Hang it all, boy, you weren't there,' I said rather sharply.

'No, Sir, but you see the New Moon is visible only in the West.'

The boy was impossible, and my poetic vision vanished. However, I felt I must disguise my choler and went on.

'As I looked at the delicate crescent I could imagine that it was the top of a celestial parachute

in which one of Satan's angels was descending unscathed!'

A pretty thought, I thought.

'The top?' said Ernest.

'Yes, my boy; a flight of fancy of course. One had to imagine the ropes below.'

'But, Sir, the new moon is always on its back.'

Agatha saw signs of strain and said:

'How did you enjoy the concert, Boz?'

'Lovely,' I said. 'Some really first class playing.'

'Anything specially good?' asked Agatha.

'Yes,' I said. 'We had one of my old favourites, that exquisite piano concerto by Schubert. I think after all Schubert's probably the greatest composer of all.'

'You mean Schumann, Sir?' said Ernest.

'Of course not,' I said; 'as if I didn't know the difference between Schubert and Schumann. Why, their styles are totally different; Schubert—'

'But, Sir, Schubert didn't write a piano concerto; and there is a very fine one, and very well known, too, by Schumann.'

'I was there, boy,' was all I could think of to say.

The conversation was becoming strained and we turned our attention to the food.

'Darling,' said Agatha (to Ernest) 'fetch me some more hot water, there's a dear.'

The boy did not seem to be in any hurry, so, trying to be hearty, I said:

'Jump to it, sonny; de l'eau chaud pour maman!'

'De l'eau chaude,' murmured Ernest, pained, rising languidly.

When he came back with the water we were at the cake stage and he saw me eyeing a piece of jam sandwich. It was home made, and Agatha's home made jam sandwiches are really delicious. It had been circular, and there were about ninety degrees left.

'Divide it in three, Boz,' said Agatha.

'It is curious,' said Ernest, 'is it not, Sir, that it is theoretically impossible to divide an angle into three equal parts.'

My chance had come.

'It is,' I said, and cut the cake in two, giving half to Agatha and retaining the other half for myself.

It was excellent.

Copies of THE CANADIAN FORUM are mailed direct to subscribers from our printers, and we believe that their mailing arrangements are excellent. As no institution is quite infallible, it happens occasionally that through a slip on the part of the mailer or some official of the Post Office—or by direct Act of Providence—a copy will go astray. Should this occur, kindly notify us and another copy will be forwarded from our office.

The Canadian Forum, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.



PREFERENCES

THE fourteenth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* which has appeared at last after much heralding contains thirty-five million words. So say its advertisers and they ought to know. But it is difficult to see why they stopped here and why they did not go one further and tell us that—counting four per word—there were one hundred and forty million letters, including, shall we say—counting one to every ten words—upwards of three million commas and—counting at the same rate—the same number of dots on the ‘i’, together with an indiscriminate assortment of hyphens, dashes, queries, and marks of exclamation. There is a timidity about the thirty-five million figure which tells us plainly that the *Britannica* is new to this numerical game and hasn’t yet learned to play it boldly. The staid old statement about fifty volumes—if that was the number—has gone, the full-page advertisement I examined had not a word to say about the number of the volumes. And yet, after breaking thus drastically with the old Victorian notion of polite arithmetic, which preserved a sort of inverse ratio between the highest possible number and the longest possible skirt (or the tallest possible hat) all they can rise to is a paltry thirty-five million—a figure which might have startled the world twenty years ago but which will never sell the *Britannica* to-day. The sooner they jump into the billion class the better.

It seems as if in all spheres of life we were abandoning simple tangible numbers for these outrageous billions and trillions. Only yesterday I read of a sale of ‘sixty thousand bulbs.’ Numbers we can see and cope with are no longer in favour. Nowadays—to be effective—they must be enormous, they must do violence to the mind, snatching it beyond itself into a limitless vacuum in which it gapes for breath like a fish in thin air before flopping back again into the intelligible world. The psychologists have yet to explain to us this strange passion that has laid hold of mankind and now wrenches it spasmodically to the mental breaking-point. Pythagoras could feed daily on numbers like five and seven and when the Romans had a craving for big figures they said ‘six hundred’ and got a great kick out of it. I sometimes wonder if the partial taboo on metaphysics which prevails today and which has closed or obstructed one time-honoured avenue into the void has not set up a kind of compensation in this overweening arithmetic, so that instead of talking at whiles, as we used to do, about the Ego and the Non-ego and the ‘transcendental unity of apperception’ we now with one deep breath say ‘fifty billion billion’ or even worse and let it go at that.

There is really no limit to this counting business. Before long I expect to read some such advertisement as this:

‘Put your money into Billion Beach. It has

seven billion billion trillion grains of sand already counted. Our staff of five hundred experts is continuing the count in regular shifts of twenty-eight thousand and eight hundred seconds and we expect to reach the grand total in the spring of 1933. We shall sure be in the high trillion trillions and you can take it from us, brother, that the real estate in these parts will go more than sky-high and then some. Write to us at once for present moderate terms. We have some fifty billion lots, very attractive and going at two thousand cents per million. The Little-Grains-of-Sand-Realty-Co., The Trillion Building, 5000 Billion St., Zillionville, Ooooooont.’

I am not sure that it is not this same passion for inflated numbers that has set all these marathon contests going. If you look at them squarely they are all novel ways of counting, whether by doing the crawl stroke or the fox-trot or the back and forward rock of a chair. It is characteristic of all of them that a strictly mechanical operation has to be performed an inordinate number of times, and I suspect that whether the number is stated or not it is somehow felt or conjectured and so plays its part in sustaining the public interest and—the Lord knows why—satisfying it.

Enters now the *Britannica* as the latest marathon of marathons. All we need to do is to arrange a competition for reading it aloud. I believe it could be done in something over five years and if we could attend it or listen in on it we could combine instruction with excitement in an entirely new way. Imagine the thrill of hearing Freddy Smith of Oshawa going strong in his fourth year of reading and leading the Province or even the Dominion by a quarter of a million words, let us say that he is about to pass his twenty million mark, let the article be of special value such as—or—(my own choice is for the second)—why, the problem of universal education need never trouble us again.

It will be apparent that I have a quarrel with the *Britannica*. The fact is I was firmly determined a year ago, when I first heard that about thirty-four million of those thirty-five million words were to be done over again, to become the proud possessor of this Key to All Wisdom. But on further thought I decided some time last spring that I didn’t need it after all. ‘Tush,’ I said to myself, ‘I know enough already, I know the Kings of England and the Binomial Theorem and the French irregular verbs and, trifles though they are, they have carried me honourably forward these many years, far be it from me to go back on them now after such veteran service. No, away with your *Enc. Brit.*’ And, if this seemed unconvincing to me, I changed the note and said ‘I know nothing. Why begin at this late day emptying the ocean bed with my little dipper of a brain-pan? Why exchange the indubitable wisdom of total and blissful ignorance for the half-knowledge that corrodes our best of life?’

Yet all the time there was a sneaking feeling that perhaps I had made a wrong decision, that I ought to have subscribed. Small wonder that I have been fretful and irritable of late. Indeed, it wasn’t till a few minutes ago when I broke off from writing and cast about peevishly among books and

papers for some way of bringing this effusion to a close (for it is overdue and must be finished tonight) that I recovered my old-time serenity. For, think of it, I have no further need of the *Britannica*, absolutely none. I can even wish it well. It touches me not. There will be no back-sliding this time,

for here in the fall book lists I find the following item:

GOD, by J. Middleton Murry, 10/6 net.
The price is within my reach and with such a book on my shelf what need have I of the *Cyclopaedias*?
INCONSTANT READER.

HORTICULTURAL

We who are young observe with puckered brows
The caution of our elders; we discern
How prompt are they to take into their house
At threat of storm, the potted, delicate fern;
And how absurdly they place under glass
The wizen poppy and the tangled brier—
The common weeds which we ignore and pass,
Are nursed by them, and set about with wire.

Yet we who take no thought of wind or rain,
Having a fine indifference to these,
Must in our time rear barriers to pain
And guard our tender plants, and box our trees;
And stand our winter bulbs in bowls of gravel;
And scream at thieving birds, and wish they'd travel!

LEO KENNEDY.

GOD'S ABSOLUTELY AGAINST IT

'No,' snarled Mr. East,
'God's absolutely against it.'
Mr. East is the President of a pig iron works
on Back Street,
and we were riding out to breakfast with him at
his Mimico mansion (and incidentally to attempt to
induce him to allow his grandfather to hoot out a
few French Horn solos over the radio.
'God's absolutely against it.
These awful niggers intermarrying.
I think it's awful, so God's against it.'
Mr. East is Scotch and has a lovely kinky curl in
his violet coloured hair.
We quickly apologized that Mr. Booker Wash-
ington was so black,
and that Roland Hayes came out black,
by mistake of course.
We were just passing the abattoir.
'It's awful,' he said,
'God's absolutely against it.'
We meekly hastened to remind him that the black
man had borne the brunt of the Almighty's wrath
for the first few million years and had made pos-
sible white man's presence on earth. Oh yes, the
Moors with their art and their cunning, with their
black blood, had gone into Spain. The Armada had
been wrecked and survivors had drifted to Scotland
where they had many descendants.
Had Mr. East ever heard of the black Scottish
beauties,
with their jet-black hair
and their jet-black eyes.
'It's awful,' mumbled Mr. East,
'God's absolutely against it.'
Say, you know,
I think we should go slow on this here St. Law-
rence Waterways scheme—'

C. L. E.

DANISH ART

THE Danish paintings recently shown at the art section of the Canadian National Exhibition are exhibited again at the Art Gallery of Toronto. In the aristocratic setting of their present surroundings, they lose none of the directness, simplicity, and vigour which appeared to be their main features when seen last September at the pavilion of the Exhibition. Again one is impressed by the decided kinship of mental attitude between this art and contemporary Canadian art in its liveliest phase.

In these Danish pictures one is confronted with a broad and at once virile, unruly, and warm art expression. This is not the work of sophisticated artists. The complexities of this art are all of the heart, not of the mind. However far apart in their technique, these painters partake of the same spiritual background, and this underlying unity gives to this group of pictures an unmistakable national character. This work cannot be taken for French, or German, or Swedish, or Norwegian, or anything else than what it is: Danish.

When it comes to technique the most characteristic canvases are painted according to the artists' own codes of standards. Following Bahr's definition of expressionism in art, one is tempted to borrow his words and say that the Danish painters represented in this exhibition paint, because they must paint, cannot paint in any other way than they do paint, and are prepared to hang for their way of painting. Expressionistic painters they are, and yet one hesitates to classify them even under so broad a label, for each of these artists seems to be all at once his art's own leader and follower. Sigurd Swane, the broadest and most direct of all the painters represented, creates his own form of expression, and with his free-hand sweeping wide strokes evokes atmosphere and suggests landscapes more than he paints them in his poetical 'Road past a Farm' and in his forceful 'Fields and Trimmed Trees.' Petri Gissel, while respecting a certain degree of naturalism of forms, imposes his own concept of colours, and expresses the melancholy and sometimes tragic bareness of winter in the lugubrious colouring of his snow scenes. Knud Kynh works as though with the tip of his colour tube, and allows Scoters and other wild birds of Denmark to fly as they in truth do, giving no consideration to rules of composition. Fritz Syberg has a technique so terribly simple that one feels that it would be easy to count up the number of strokes in the haystacks of his landscape called 'Harvest Time.' Ernst Zeuthen, with all his background of craftsmanship, also allows his own individuality to express itself, and one feels that the structural and



MOUNTAIN SNOWFALL
By J. E. H. MacDONALD

plastic values of his 'Li Mountains' are more of a personal record than the result of an excellent training.

When it comes to the portraits included in this Danish exhibition, I am inclined to feel that the Austrian, Oskar Kokoschka, whose influence has played such a part in mid-Europe for the last ten years, has made himself felt with these Danish

artists. Only, unfortunately, his profundity of structure, both spiritual and physical, has been missed by these painters, who have only adopted in their portraits some of his more universal outer qualities, such as his broad treatment, leaving out his crude and brutal traits and never attaining his plastic achievements.

JEHANNE BIETRY SALINGER.

ADVENTUROUS GENTLEMEN

By J. D. ROBINS

IN these two valuable and fascinating records* we are given access to the journals of two of the restless adventurers whose daring and enterprise not only made the fortunes of the great trading companies, but also were chiefly instrumental in opening up the great northwestern regions of Canada for white penetration.

Not the least ground of justification for grouping them together is the fact that they are the work of servants of the two great rival trading companies. Henry Kelsey was an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, and rose to be Governor of the great Company's House at York Fort, their most important trading post. Duncan M'Gillivray was a clerk and agent, later a partner, in the energetic and aggressive North-West Company. The men, however, never came into conflict, for Henry Kelsey, born apparently in the same year as the Hudson's Bay Company was granted its troublesome charter, died between 1722 and 1730, at least fifty-seven years before the united North-West Company came into being in 1787. As a matter of fact, almost exactly a full century separates the beginning dates of the two journals. The Kelsey Journal contains entries from 1690 to 1722; the first date of the M'Gillivray Journal is July the 21st, 1794, the last is the 14th of May, 1795. In the Kelsey Journal, the chief foe of the Company is the French, who took and occupied his beloved York Fort itself for some years, though Kelsey lived to see it restored to the Company. In the M'Gillivray Journal, the chief foe of the North-West Company is the Hudson's Bay Company. The North-West Company, with its headquarters in Montreal, had fallen heir to the French fur-trading routes and connections, also to the rivalry for the fur-trade, a rivalry that was ultimately to lead indirectly if not directly to such sanguinary encounters as the so-called 'Seven Oaks Massacre' in the Red River Settlement. But Duncan M'Gillivray had been dead eight years when the 'Massacre' took place.

While the chief value of these two documents is to the historian, each of them possesses value for anyone who is interested in the development of

Canada, in the character of the western Indian tribes as seen through the eyes of white traders, in the relations between Indian and white, or in the narration by intrepid and venturesome men of their exploits.

In the Kelsey Papers, the lay reader will find that the introduction, while very interesting, is written mainly for the eye of the special student. The problems presented are such as will concern more the historian or the cartographer than the layman.

But the Kelsey Papers themselves are full of fascination for the ordinary reader, if he has patience to read through many pages of repetition, repetition of daily routine at a Hudson's Bay Post or of interminable nautical recordings. There are dramatic stories, precious bits of light on the life in the Posts, but most of them have to be mined. From the standpoint of the general reader the account divides into three sections. The first is an account of a journey to an uncertain point which he calls Deering's Point, not far from the north-west corner of Lake Winnipeg, perhaps in Cedar Lake, thence west and south-west for a distance of practically six hundred miles into the country of the great prairie tribes. Not only does he appear to have been the first white man to take the waterways from the Bay to the Saskatchewan River, but also so far as there is record, he was apparently the first white man to reach the Canadian prairies, in 1690. In his account of this journey, or rather of two journeys which he made to the prairies, Kelsey gives us some very interesting data on Indian customs and beliefs of the time, in so far as he is able to understand them. It must be admitted that his comments are caustic when they are not contemp-

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*THE JOURNAL OF DUNCAN M'GILLIVRAY, with Introduction, Notes and Appendix by Arthur S. Morton (Macmillans in Canada; pp. lxxviii, 79, 24, 6; \$7.50).

THE KELSEY PAPERS, with an Introduction by Arthur G. Doughty and Chester Martin. (Published by the Public Archives of Canada and the Public Records Office of Northern Ireland; pp. lxxiii, 128).

tuous. But he seems to have enjoyed contact with the Indians and to have exercised a good deal of influence over them. Indeed, this second journey led him so far west because he was following a band of Crees to make peace between them and some other bands, not entirely from unmixed motives. Fighting Indians were not trapping Indians.

The next section of general interest is his story of an ill-fated expedition which he made with an Indian youth up along the Churchill River. Kelsey was pulling constantly at the Company's leash in his longing to go exploring northward. He talked about mineral wealth, about game possibilities, but to an unwilling company which saw little profit in the country north of the Churchill, or even as far north as the Churchill. The expedition is a failure, but it is a great record of heroic endurance.

Possibly most fascinating of all, though requiring most mining, is the journal of the routine at York Fort. It involves warfare with the French, the loss and recovery of the Fort, and details of this struggle, but best are its casual recordings of daily happenings. It is grim and matter-of-fact. I take the liberty of quoting a few entries to illustrate. They are from the entries for the fall and winter of 1696-1697:—

Thursday the 19th Last night Edward Harrington dyed to day we Buried him 2 Indians went a hunting brought 22 partridges moderate weather little wind

This is the entry for Thursday, October 19th. Edward Harrington has not before been mentioned and is mentioned only once again, in the entry for January 16th, 1697:—

Saturday the 16th Clear weather the wind Ditto to day came 5 hands from the fourteens 4 Indians went a hunting kill'd 9 partridges this morning 2 a Clock Died Richd Beaver our Chirurgion opened his breast found Several of his Ribs broak which Edw.d Harrington did while Living.

And we are left to fill in that terrific fight, in which Edward Harrington is killed, but not before he has inflicted injuries on his opponent, Richard Beaver, of such severity that the latter dies of them three months afterwards. In another entry also we are told that on Friday, February the 5th, Thos Dutton went out, likewise split his piece and hurt his hand and froze it also. The muskets often split, and frosts were severe. There is a paragraph in Indian (Henry compiled an Indian dictionary which the Company printed), which embodies probably some uncomplimentary opinions of his superiors or their actions. Opposite this entry in Indian is the following note:—

A pleasant fancy of old time which made me write in an unknown tongue because counsel is best kept in one single Breast.

There are a number of entries which tell of the difficulties which the Fort people had with one Whiskers and his family. Whiskers is an undesirable character who can neither be bribed nor beaten into staying away from the Fort.

And so the laconic, businesslike story goes on. Kelsey does give us a rhymed introduction to his journal, but it is not so useful as his prose.

One leaves young Henry with reluctance, to turn to the journal of the young man Duncan M'Gillivray, who also journeys to and along the great Saskatchewan, but who begins his 'voyages,' not from the Bay

but from Grand Portage, on Lake Superior, thence by the Rainy Lake-Lake of the Woods system, up Lake Winnipeg and so to the Saskatchewan. Annually the gentlemen from Montreal, the great men of the North-West Company, journey from Montreal to Grand Portage, later to Fort William, somewhat to the north of Grand Portage, receive the furs from the agents in the Interior, and map out the next season's arrangements.

The Introduction to the volume, which is issued in a limited edition of three hundred and fifty copies, supplies the general reader with a very fine outline history of the fur trade in the north-west, and of the growing rivalry between the Hudson's Bay Company and the groups of independent traders, the majority of whom ultimately united to form the North-West Company.

Both the Introduction and the Journal itself supply us with very interesting data concerning the treatment of the Indians in those days. Both of the great companies courted the favour of the Indians, who therefore fared better than in the days of Kelsey, but not only the statements of observers as quoted in the Introduction, but also the accounts of certain incidents in the Journal would indicate that the tribes were exploited and abused to the limit of safety, and past it. The Journal puts the matter on a high plane. Says Mr. M'Gillivray:—

20th Octor.—The *Grand Soteau* and *French Bastard* with about 20 men arrived.—these being Cheifs (sic) of considerable influence were presented after the usual ceremonies were over with 2 large Kegs of Rum and the night therefore was devoted to intoxication and tumult:—In these debauches we take every precaution to prevent bloodshed among the natives, being interested in whatever concerns them; for a quarrel or dispute betwixt any two tribes may occasion revolutions which would be very prejudicial to the Concern; besides we are commanded by humanity to preserve the lives of our fellow creatures where it is in our power and to protect the oppressed is also a duty we are desired to perform.

The Journal, which is chiefly devoted to an account of a winter at far west Fort George, is filled with descriptions of these scenes of debauchery at the post, among the hosts of Indians who gathered there with their furs to trade. There are accounts of Indian attacks upon the forts, chiefly by the *Gros Ventres*, who had the previous year attacked and pillaged a Hudson's Bay Company post. All along the River, the North branch of which formed the dividing line between the prairie country, with its turbulent and independent tribes and its plentiful supplies of buffalo meat, and the so-called Strong Woods, with its industrious Indian trappers and its vast numbers of beavers, the rival companies built trading posts, usually quite close to each other. In some cases, at any rate at one place, the posts were so close together that both drew water from the same spring. M'Gillivray's descriptions are much more elaborate and consciously literary than those of Kelsey, but his Journal tells the same story of hardship and adventure.

These two publications form valuable additions to that increasing number of source texts from which the reading public is being led to derive its knowledge of our history.

A generous commission is offered to agents who will secure subscriptions for THE CANADIAN FORUM.

INDIAN SUMMER

This is a day of days; for sombre fall
Has dropped his cloak of trailing mist and cloud;
The light is fluid gold, pervading all;
The trees are gathered up, in prayer bowed.

This is a day to stand on some great height,
Soaked full of silence; calmly to look down
A last time, stripped of self, whence, grey and white,
Rock slopes away to warmer green and brown.

Thus might some Moses stand on Nebo Mount
And look and ponder what he is denied,
And life and death and God, of both the fount.
Thus did he stand and look, unmoved, clear-eyed.

And I, too, stand and look, clear-eyed, unmoved,
And ponder that which is and scorn the tear
But know this face of mine is deeply grooved
And nothing matters since thou art not near.

F. P. GROVE.



THE FRENCH NOVEL

FRENCH NOVELISTS, MANNERS AND IDEAS, from the Renaissance to the Revolution, by F. C. Green (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. xi, 239; \$2.00).

THIS delightful book disarms the critic. Professor Green avoids the obvious classification Romantic-Idealist and Realist so attractive to the immature student of the novel, and steadfastly refuses to be bullied by the ultra-patriotic French critics on the one hand or by the comparative-literature maniacs on the other. He sees his subject as a whole, has an eye to the much-neglected theorists such as Segrais, and very skillfully emphasizes the points that show development. His greatest gift is that very rare one of being able to give a synopsis of a novel without causing the reader to skip or to yawn. The result is one of the most readable histories of the evolution of the French novel that have yet appeared. Professor Green's knowledge of the *genre* is extensive—much more so than his knowledge of the critical work of his predecessors, and this is as it should be. Again and again when reading this work the expert begins to bridle at obvious omissions or at insufficient knowledge of detail but he is immediately soothed by evidence that the author prefers his own reading to that of others, and that he can arrive at sound critical conclusions—sometimes in direct contradiction to the academic critics. The book is a pleasure to read for there are no mannerisms (though *leap to the eye* might have been omitted) there is always a competent style and frequently there come passages of pure brilliance. Even were this not so we could forgive much as a reward for his refusal to indulge in easy criticism. Personally, I feel a debt of gratitude to him for his kind treatment of *Paul et Virginie*, which has received

more than its meed of scorn and which remains, in spite of all, a very important link in the chain of the French novel. His views on the over-emphasized influence of Richardson are also extremely sound and convincingly developed. The treatment of Laclos, so generally unfair in English criticisms, is here sober and just.

It must not be imagined that Professor Green avoids criticism by continually steering a middle course. He has opinions and states them clearly, but they are generally based on sound reasons and are acceptable whether we agree with them or not. The form of the book—without footnotes or bibliography—while it may disappoint the student must delight the ordinary reader and we can even rejoice at the freedom this form gives to the author. 'Mme. de La Fayette,' he writes, 'was twenty when she began to write her novels on married life.' She was born in 1634 and *La Princesse de Montpensier* was published in 1660 so she was certainly twenty. A man, of course, would have been twenty-six. And so he goes merrily on with our full approval for what matter these details when such good fare is served to us? He pauses to mention that the confession of the *Princesse de Cleves* has been ascribed to *Polyeucte* but ignores completely the accusation, made the year after its publication, that this scene is borrowed from Mme. de Villedieu. The old story of the Seventeenth Century events with the 'extremely vague' historical background comes up again in spite of the copious proofs brought by Professors Rudler and Chamard that Mme. de La Fayette reproduced her numerous sources faithfully and intelligently.

The eighteenth-century novels are more closely studied than are those of the preceding century where the work appears at times to have been unduly rapid, but one reads the whole with pleasure and puts down the book with a feeling of satisfaction. I should be glad to follow such a guide through the pages of the Romantic and Realistic novel of the nineteenth century and sincerely hope that I shall be given the opportunity to do so.

H. ASHTON.

A PICKED COMPANY

CAPS AND CROWNS OF EUROPE, by Thomas Guerin (Carrier; pp. 290; \$3.50).

MR. GUERIN has written a pleasant book about Europe and the men who run it to-day: it is a book which should give pleasure to the Europeans about whom it is written as well as to the Canadians it is written for; and therefore I think it a pity that Mr. Guerin did not satisfy himself with a less catchy title, for I doubt whether Monsignor Seipel or Mussolini, or President von Hindenburg, for example, will be pleased at being presented to the New World in the *bonnet rouge* which together with a crown is emblazoned on the cover of this volume. Prospective readers of the Left must be warned that they need expect no pen portraits here of their idols set over against those of kings; in this select galaxy no Russians are to be found, even M. Blum and Ramsay MacDonald will be sought in vain, and, grotesque and ridiculous though it appears, Mr. Snowden is not among those present.

This instinctive selectiveness permits Mr. Guerin to give free rein to an enthusiasm which is easily roused and is generous to the point of naïveté. For instance, having lunched with Sir Austen Chamberlain, our interviewer comes away not only filled with admiration for those sterling virtues which make even Sir Austen's enemies respect him but endowing him with qualities of brilliance which his best friends have never found a trace of. And Mr. Guerin's compliments can be embarrassing. He credits Mr. Baldwin with having 'coined the catch phrase "Give us peace in our time."' In his eagerness to praise Tim Healy's wit he attributes to him O'Connor Power's famous epigram on the Liberal Unionists (that they were 'the mules of politics; having neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity') but unfortunately robs it of sense as well as wit by applying it to the Tories. Of Lord Beaverbrook he writes:—

To-day Lord Beaverbrook cannot be classed as a hide-bound partisan of any political group, but is imbued with a keen desire to do what is right, and with the practised eye of the journalist he does what is best for his country and for the advancement of his papers.

However, Senator Dandurand would not have troubled himself to write an introduction for this book if he had not considered that it had some merit, and the considerations which influenced him were probably these: though many Canadians travel, few of them write of what they see; also, few Canadians who stay at home know much of Europe's conditions or troubles; our general reading public will not read serious works of information on foreign conditions, but a book like Mr. Guerin's, lightly written, expatiating on the more colourful aspects of European life as seen through Canadian eyes, will find a ready welcome. Though Mr. Guerin ruled out of his list all those radicals whom he does not consider quite respectable, he is otherwise catholic in his sympathies and listened as cordially to President Marsaryk as to Admiral Horthy, to Stresemann as to Poincaré. Bulgars and Serbs, Greeks and Roumanians, all found him an amiable listener, and while he has the wit to observe of Queen Marie of Roumania that 'the candour with which she tells you what she wants you to know is most refreshing,' he does not appear to have realized that all the national leaders he interviewed told him just what they wanted him to know with equal candour. As impartial as a microphone, he now broadcasts their views to the Canadian public they so rarely have an opportunity to reach, and his own comments are unprejudiced save for a certain bias against the Wilsonian settlement of Europe which heightens the sympathy which he, as a man of generous sentiments, would naturally feel for Austria. Some of his words on that unhappy country are worth quotation:—

One would imagine from European conditions that the war was fought solely to destroy Austria, for that has been the most apparent result. Her neighbours have raised tariff walls against her and she cannot sell her goods, therefore she has had to cease manufacturing. She has been placed in the position of an economic dependency of Germany, and the political union which must naturally follow the economic one is destined to come about, no matter whether the other European Powers like it or not. This will simply make Germany more powerful than she was before the War, therefore, where is the logic of it all?



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Marlowe and His Circle

By F. S. Boas\$2.25

A commentary on the documentary materials for the biography of Christopher Marlowe and his associates that have been brought to light during the present century, especially those dealing with his death.



128-132 University Ave.
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But although Mr. Guerin's public will be to a certain extent informed by his book, they will be also amused. Even those who will read without a smile his repudiation of the 'popular idea' that Mussolini is 'simply an uneducated blacksmith' will chuckle over passages like this true *Canadien's* first comment on Holland: 'Cleanliness and order when carried to excess may become oppressive. . . .'

R. DE B.

AN APPROACH TO POETRY

PRACTICAL CRITICISM. A study of literary judgment, by I. A. Richards (Kegan-Paul-Musson; pp. 375; 12/6).

AS this book has already been referred to in *THE CANADIAN FORUM* last September by Inconstant Reader, it is impossible for a reviewer not to attempt first of all to modify certain assumptions there made as to Mr. Richards' intention and method. It is indeed an amusing proof of the truth of Mr. Richards' main thesis that these assumptions made without seeing the book, but from information found in reviews of it, could be in certain small particulars so curiously mistaken. For his book is by no means the record of a sort of intelligence test to measure the immediate reactions produced by administering small doses of poetry—Mr. Richards is very careful to make clear that he is neither a behaviourist nor a Freudian psychologist, but what he calls a centrist, in the tradition of Ward and Stout—it is the record of an experiment arranged and carried out with great care to try and avoid just those very difficulties that Inconstant Reader is most afraid of.

A group of poems—necessarily short, but complete, not selections—was submitted to a number of intelligent readers, undergraduate members of the English School at Cambridge, who were asked after careful and repeated readings to state as fully and frankly as possible the impressions they received. The thirteen poems used were as unlike as possible in quality and character, and the names of the authors were not given. In the first part of his book Mr. Richards selects and arranges the comments he received and in the later chapters attempts to draw certain conclusions from his material.

This is indeed practical criticism! It is really a new approach to the problem Mr. Richards was concerned with in an earlier book, *The Meaning of Meaning*: or rather it is an attempt to deal with that problem in so far as it affects what he calls 'the technique of the approach to poetry.' For he insists that there is a kind of technique for the understanding of this as of other arts, which can and must be learned. 'It is not inevitable or in the nature of things that poetry should seem such a remote, mysterious, unmanageable thing to so large a majority of readers.'

This is not of course the same thing as to say that it can be made an easy thing to understand poetry. The whole purpose of the book is to demonstrate what a very dangerous, subtle, unreliable, complicated instrument language has become, and how impossible it is fully to understand the meaning of a poem, without great patience, experi-

ence and sensitiveness. Mr. Richards never tires of emphasizing exactly what Inconstant Reader demands, namely, that 'most poetry needs several readings . . . before it can be grasped. Readers who claim to dispense with this preliminary study, who think that all good poetry should come home to them in entirety at a first reading, hardly realize how clever they must be.' And he raises a useful protest against those who think that the whole of English Literature can be perused with profit in about a year, suggesting rather that probably four poems are really too many for a week's reading. This sounds depressing—but it is due not to any feeling that poetry has a small place in life, but to his realization (natural enough on the evidence supplied in this volume) of the ineptitude of most of us as readers of poetry.

The evidence occupies a large part of the volume, and as Mr. Richards evidently feared, is not very attractive reading, and the constant reference to these documents on inept criticism in the following chapters is not less tiring. Few will perhaps be patient enough not to wonder whether an essay embodying the results and conclusions from the experiment might not have served the purpose as well as this large imposing volume. The experiment itself was well worth making, and the book is of great value in calling our attention to the central problem which always faces the teacher and the student of literature—the problem of Meaning. And it cannot too often be emphasized, though the fact is surely more obvious than Mr. Richards seems willing to allow, that there are several kinds of meaning, and that language therefore—especially Poetry—has always at least four functions to perform simultaneously, in attempting to convey not only sense, but feeling and tone, and usually some conscious or unconscious aim and intention. And above all we may be grateful for a book which succeeds at any rate in forcing us to open our eyes and see the full and plentiful 'harvest of mutual misunderstanding' which may be found wherever language is used.

Doubtless those whose main business in life is not to think or to act, but to talk and to write, would find life intolerable if they could not for the most part forget how little they are understood, or themselves understand others. It is not unnatural therefore that in the learned world—as Mr. Richards seems to suspect—enquiries of this kind will always be regarded with some suspicion and full investigation will be slow and encumbered with difficulties.

H. J. DAVIS.

THE GONCOURT AWARD

A MAN SCANS HIS PAST, by M. Constantine-Weyer (Macmillans in Canada; pp. viii, 246; \$2.50).

THE novel that Mr. Slater Brown now offers us in a stiff and over-literal translation, is the most significant novel by a Frenchman on a Canadian theme since *Maria Chapdelaine*. It was the literary sensation of last winter in Paris, 300,000 copies of the original have been taken in less than a year; and coupling distinguished with popular success, the novel won the

annual fiction award of the anti-academic *Académie Goncourt*.

The novel amply deserved the popular success it has had. It is a delightful refinement of civilization—for the tenant of an apartment protected from adventure by a watchful concierge and six steep flights of stairs—to read how a fur-trader shot a wolf and 'drank the blood that poured from the wound, blood mixed with hair and shattered bones'; and then 'slit his carcass open and devoured everything, even his warm liver.' The pinched face of the little bourgeois brightens, he throws back his shoulders, and his eyes show his revelry in primitive life—at a distance of 5,000 miles.

The Goncourt award is more of a puzzle. What are the claims in the academicians' eyes of a novel written in a specious Zane Grey-ish style, with no more architecture than one of the prairie homesteads it describes, with no character whose mental age is more than twenty? One conjectures that the residuary champions of the de Goncourt brothers were caught by the elaborate physiological descriptions. For the author the body is a much greater thing than the mind, its caprices subtler, its heroisms more significant.

Maria Chapdelaine gave pain in Quebec; and this novel will give pain in Edmonton. The Canadian characters are described and act more as curious varieties of fauna than as human individuals. The author is an introvert, quite devoid of that sympathetic imagination which creates distinct and complete characters. His best creative resource is a power of uncontrolled hatred, a re-

source skilfully exploited in his descriptions of the Scottish and Irish farmers of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

It is a sad thing that we should be known to the French by such a novel as this. Can no one persuade M. André Maurois to visit Halifax or Victoria or Toronto? What with a French novelist to belittle our personal lives, and a French academician to accuse us, armed with *The Clash*, of a tyranny in Ontario and Manitoba more oppressive than the former Russian regime in Poland, and M. Lemieux to weep before a Parisian public over our misdeeds in 1837, we are getting a very bad name in France.

E. K. BROWN.

THE NEW CHINA

WING PO, by Hin Me Geong (John Armitage) (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 323; \$2.00).

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the world has shrunk and the one half has been brought to the other half's back door, our neighbours are still a mystery to us. In a world growing daily more interdependent—the neighbour must borrow the neighbour's sugar—it is well, if only for comfort, to know something of the neighbour. So long as human nature lasts, perhaps, the 'World's Series' will be more important to the average North American than a boycott in China, and perhaps, in the long run, baseball has a more significant part to play in international affairs than the cynic might suppose—there is room for discussion here—but boycotts in China are more than boycotts in China, just



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The English King

Michael Macdonagh

The author explains in his introduction the purpose of his book—"It is a strange thing that while there are chapters in text-books on the Constitution which deal with the Monarchy in a more or less theoretical manner, and many biographies of Sovereigns, there is no book that purposes to describe the Monarchy as a living, actual, effective institution. That is what I have tried to supply."

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as crop failures in Western Canada are more than bad luck for the farmers. Nothing could be more meagre than the newspaper reports of the doings of Asia. And if we are wise we will know something about the impulses of the twelve hundred millions who have come to lean on our fence.

Him Me Geong, as John Armitage is known to his Chinese friends, is a newspaper correspondent who was so seized with the importance of the current history he was writing and so moved by sympathy with the Nationalist cause in China that he felt the necessity of extending his despatches and giving them to the world in more permanent form. That *Wing Po* is supposed to be a novel does not matter. There is romance in the rise of the coolie to national leadership by way of piracy and the army; but *Wing Po* is not an individual so much as a symbol, as a figure which gives events a local habitation and a name. The Australian war correspondent, Adair, is not so much a man as another approach to the questions under discussion; his affair with the English writer who is prejudiced against the Chinese and who learns better ways, was obviously dragged in for the sake of Ingredient A in the well-made novel, love interest. As a novel, *Wing Po* is hampered by journalism, by the need for stopping to explain, but when he swings into action, when he describes events he has seen with his own eyes,—battles, demonstrations, riots—Armitage writes a swift-moving adventure yarn.

Perhaps it would have been better had he given us a series of essays on the China he has known so intimately, for his purpose in *Wing Po* is to inform the Western World about this vast nation 'just emerging from feudalism into an industrial era she wishes to avoid,' building up 'a new political position and a new economic era simultaneously,' and the novel is a clumsy medium for the giving of facts or propaganda. However, the story form enables him to bring before our eyes Sun Yat Sen, Chen, and Chiang Kai Chek vividly, and to show us the Kuo Ming Tang, purposeful, confident, and shrewd. He shows us leaders who are to be reckoned with; a trained army; a passion; he shows us a China that is not to be taken casually. He shows us foreign powers exploiting China, 'the foreign vultures', fearing and opposing 'any and all genuine propositions for the unification of China':—

'Yes,' said Chen, 'foreign powers may interfere. They cannot conquer China without arousing all Asia—twelve hundred million people. We are demanding equality and it shall be ours. . . . No, I cannot believe that the white nations will be blind to their own interests. The people of these nations have nothing to gain by fighting China. As for those foreign governments who would force war upon us, again I say, let them force it upon us if they will. They cannot hold us long in servility, for a new China has arisen from the ashes of Old China. Our day of freedom has dawned!'

Armitage is not crying the yellow peril. He is pleading for China, and at the same time he is saying: 'Be wise. Do not underestimate this empire, this world. Understand, for it is at your door.'

What is happening between China and Russia today may blow over; some may say it does not affect us. But we cannot longer afford to be disinterested. We must take an intelligent interest in China, and *Wing Po* is a good background.

R. H. AYRE.

A MODERN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

THE PATHWAY, by Henry Williamson (Cape-Nelson; pp. 416; \$2.00).

THIS book should be set to music. All the material conditions of life—the kitchen tasks, the intense clear cold of winter midnight, a flowing or receding tide, an old wreck, careering dogs, marsh grasses, a thousand such things are here portrayed with a quiet, firm intensity that makes one feel, see, taste, and smell, but at the same instant suffuses them with that spiritual validity whereby alone man understands that natural objects are akin to his soul. *The Pathway* is, however not a great novel because (to put it perhaps unfairly and brutally) its author shares the current view that 'there is no definition of a novel and so, you can put into a novel, or omit from it, anything you please.' This at any rate is true, that he fails in the orchestration, the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, that mark all great novels. That is what Smollett can still teach us: we must have critical spectacular events. It is here that Hardy surpasses most markedly all novelists since Dickens; it is here that so admirable a writer as Mr. Beresford is weak. *The Pathway* has no rhythm of events: it is analogous to a vast sequence of sonnets rather than to an epic. The subject is William Maddison's search for an intelligible meaning in the world, in his pursuit of Khristoso—a modern *Pilgrim's Progress* in fact; and if you compare this book with Bunyan's, so magnificently dight with the critical scenes to which I have referred, you will see how woefully English literature in our day is suffering from the neglect of structure.

But if there is insufficient rhythm of action here, we may observe a splendid rhythm of cosmic process. The book is divided into the four seasons, and the fragrance, the foliage, the habits of birds, dogs, and insects, the changes of the sea, domestic and outdoor habits of men and women, through all the phases of the year, are depicted with amazing intimacy and beauty—above all the effects of light, on bush, flower, and human habitations, on salt or fresh water. Never since the description of Egdon Heath has any writer so perfectly rendered light and its varying significance at every hour of the day and indeed of the night. Mr. Williamson is in the tradition not of the novelist at all, but of Wordsworth; he devotes the same intensity of feeling to an insect perched on a blade of grass as to the Holy Ghost.

But do not imagine that he turns his back on what lies between the extremes: his human characters are magnificently alive. Walter Pater finely wrote of Botticelli 'His morality is all sympathy' and it is this virtue that gives *The Pathway* the major part of its loveliness. Mary, the heroine, is not only a noble figure: she is technically a masterpiece, because her creator has shown her great, not by action but by the mere everyday modes of her existence: she lives in and through, as well as among, the persons, birds, sunsets, waves that surround her; yet she is no abstraction, but a woman as real as the potatoes she hills or the porridge she so nearly burns. Maddison says to her: 'You are in harmony with life: I am a reactionary in harmony with an imaginary life.' The difference between them is that so often found between a fine man and a fine woman: he feels with his brain, she thinks with her emotions. All the characters, in their

several degrees are projected with the same flawless mastery, for instance, in the scene where Ronnie refuses after all to sing—a marvel of sure and delicate insight that makes Mr. Kipling's 'The Flag of their Country' (excellent as it is) look like Frith's *Derby Day* placed beside a Rembrandt. There are other gems, such as Miss Chychesters' habit of collecting crumbs in a match-box for the birds, and all the rest of her brisk ineptitude. But most of these things are too small and subtle to be plucked out of their context. The whole book is the fine flower of a great and poetical soul.

GILBERT NORWOOD.

PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS

THE USE OF PHILOSOPHY, by J. H. Muirhead (Allen & Unwin; pp. 208; 7/6).

SCEPTICAL ESSAYS, by Bertrand Russell (Allen & Unwin; pp. 251; \$2.50).

A FEW people in Toronto can remember the pleasant hour which was spent about two years ago listening to the reminiscences of a philosopher. He talked in his natural and genial way of those 'good old days' when Caird and Green and Sedgwick were the heroes of British philosophy. He was Professor Muirhead, Emeritus Professor of Philosophy in Birmingham (England), on his way to become Mills Professor of Philosophy, California University. Let me pause to remark on the event. The distinguished men of Great Britain find a welcome in the States: Whitehead at Harvard and Muirhead at California are examples; but the Em-

pire does not seem so enthusiastic about its stars and we make no attempt to give such men a chance (and a salary) to live in our midst and influence our generation. Muirhead passed on to California, where he has been deservedly popular and obviously busy. The dust-cover goes out of its way to tell us that Muirhead was born in 1885; but we fear that some one has blundered and suggest (with reluctance) that 1858 would be correct.

The book before us now is a collection of essays and addresses produced during this Californian period. They are on a variety of subjects, all very readable and not very heavy. The title would hardly lead anyone to expect articles on 'The New Alignment of the British Commonwealth of Nations' or 'The Scot Abroad' or 'Sir Walter Scott's Birthday.' But the collection offers a little of everything, and some of it was 'given over KGO, at the General Electric Station in Oakland,' so the philosopher did not balk at methods of teaching unknown to his favourites, Plato and Hegel. Reading between the lines it is not difficult to see that the Professor had some doubts whether philosophy could be successfully 'put over' in the intervals between other 'announcements': one of the defects of broadcasting is the chilly doubt whether the fans have not suspended action until something more sensational comes along. However, the benefit is ours, now that the addresses are printed. It is not necessary to discuss them as a contribution to philosophy, for the author would make no such claim. They are good literature and present once more that humane idealism which is the heritage of what

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It is not often that a book as eagerly awaited as the sequel to "Jalna" measures up to standard as does this second great novel of Canada's famous authoress. Here, powerfully yet tenderly depicted, is the rest of the story of the fascinating Whiteoaks family. \$2.00.

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Memories That Live: By S. Morgan-Powell.

Mr. Morgan-Powell has good tales to tell, and he tells them in the vigorous style that has made him so well known a literary critic. \$3.50.

The Life of Sir George Parkin: By the late

Sir John Willison, completed by W. L. Grant.

As organiser for the Imperial Federation League, Principal of Upper Canada College and administrator of the Rhodes Trust, Sir George Parkin did much for Canada. \$4.50.

The Universe Around Us: By Sir James

Jeans, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D.

A non-technical study of the Universe today, discussed under such headings as "The Structure of the Universe," "The Theory of Relativity," "The Earth and its Prospects," and others. \$3.75.



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is called, rather unfortunately, the British Hegelian school of thought.

Putting Muirhead and Russell in the same compartment is rather like putting Hector and Achilles in the same tent. Muirhead says 'There are, indeed, philosophers who (like Mr. Bertrand Russell, at one time at least) have protested against any such extension of its field on the ground that, once admit questions of men's interests (the things they feel about and fight for) into philosophy, and goodbye to the impartiality of thought.' That phrase, 'at one time at least,' is significant. The idealist likes his systematic coherence, and feels a little baffled by the unsystematic methods of warfare which Russell employs. Like Muirhead, Russell has made a book out of previously published essays, but (unlike Muirhead) he does not say so. They appeared in very different periodicals, such as *Plain Talk*, *The Dial* and some more learned journals. As a result they differ in weight and value. The essay on 'Philosophy in the Twentieth Century' is an interesting and serious sketch. Others are more highly spiced and have the paradoxical tone which Muirhead probably finds puzzling and distasteful. The larger public likes the more stimulating draughts of Russell's vintage and such a title as 'The Harm that Good Men Do' is enough to make them wake up and attend. Mr. Russell tells us 'some of the most important departments of life are ruined by the invasion of reason.' He tells the story of Leibniz, who once asked a lady to marry him. 'Fortunately,' says Leibniz, 'the lady asked time to consider. This gave me also time to consider, and I withdrew the offer.' Russell considers the action 'very rational, but I cannot say I admire it.' The judgment is entertaining, but one might quote the opinion of a famous bishop who remarked on a similar occasion that he could not judge because he did not know the lady: perhaps Leibniz would have ventured more readily if he had enjoyed modern facilities for divorce.

The reading public knows pretty much what to expect from Mr. Russell. In contradiction of Muirhead's opinion, or emphasizing the 'one time at least' of that quotation, these essays deal almost entirely with human affairs, individual, social, and political. Russell introduces behaviourism, and makes some shrewd comment on it. Dr. Watson thinks personality, character, and ability can be measured by yearly income: for example, 'if the individual is a writer, we should want to draw a curve of the prices he gets for his stories year by year.' As Russell says, 'applying this criterion to Buddha, Christ, and Mahomet, to Milton and Blake, we see that it involves an interesting readjustment in our estimates of the values of personalities.' Though distinctively 'modern' in outlook and quite prepared to smash the idols if he does not like them, Russell also provides healthy criticism of the foolishness which less acute minds accept as advanced thinking. On education and marriage and social customs he has many things to say which are worth hearing. He would be the last to expect everyone to accept them wholly and abjectly. His medicine chest is largely occupied by the kind of thing which is known as a counter-irritant.

G. S. BRETT.

SHORT NOTICES

UNDER THE RED JACK, by C. H. J. Snider (Musson Book Co.; pp. xii, 268; \$4.00).

There is a part of our own history which is, I fancy, as little known to most non-Maritime Canadians as it was to me before I read this book. Many of us have become familiar with the deeds of American privateers, at least with those of a few, such as Paul Jones, if only through the medium of Fennimore Cooper. But the thrilling and gallant enterprises of our own privateersmen in the War of 1812 have not until recent years been chronicled for the public.

In this interesting account of the forty-nine vessels which sailed from Maritime ports in the period of 1812-1814 with privateering commissions or letters-of-marque, Mr. Snider has opened up a new page of the history of Canada for most of us. He has certainly placed the privateer of that period in a better light than we have been wont to regard the privateer of any period. 'The writer', says he, 'has yet to find one instance of cruelty, of personal robbery, of insult to women, or of wanton slaughter, chargeable to the privateersmen of the Maritimes in the War of 1812. This is after reading five or six thousand contemporary documents in the Public Archives of Canada bearing on their activities, besides hundreds of original letters, log books, diaries, local histories and newspaper files of the time, . . .'

Every page of the book, which is generously illustrated from this source material, reveals the mastery of detail which such painstaking research as the author has undertaken, alone could give. In that fine school of Maritimers whose tradition is the informative but informal chronicling of local history, Mr. Snider is entitled to an honourable place. The story of the famous *Liverpool Packet*, alias the *Black Joke*, alias *Young Teaser's Ghost*, alias the *Portsmouth Packet*, originally a Spanish slaver, is a splendid example of a racily told, fascinatingly documented account of one of these privateers. It is a stirring book, which reflects no discredit on our sea-going men of that time.

Here and there throughout the book are fascinating bits of incidental information on the commerce and trade of a century ago. There is, indeed, so much of interest to the student of Canadian history that it is a matter of congratulation that the author has furnished his book with an excellent index.

J. D. R.

THE ARCTIC RESCUE, by Einar Lundborg (Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 221; \$3.00).

Captain Lundborg has written a simple, straight-forward account of the Swedish expedition's efforts to rescue the survivors of the crew of the ill-fated dirigible *Italia* which in May, 1928, flew over the North Pole under the command of General Nobile. As a captain in the Swedish air force he is naturally enthusiastic over this extraordinary aerial adventure, and he is outspoken in his praise of the courage and determination displayed by all those who attempted to pick up the handful of men stranded on the icefloes beyond Spitzbergen. But though his narrative is necessarily chiefly concerned with his own experiences, and though he was the first actually to reach the survivors and achieve a rescue, he displays only the most ingenuous modesty.

On his first flight to the icebound camp he succeeded in landing his plane without damage and rose again with General Nobile. On his second flight, however, his plane crashed on the rough 'field', and he found himself a prisoner along with those he had come to rescue among the shifting

and disintegrating flocs. Of his despair at his situation, of his shame at this lack of courage in the face of his companions' longer trial, and of his joy at being finally rescued in his own turn, he speaks frankly and movingly. He hints at the dislike with which he seems to have been regarded by the men he had risked his life for, and at their criticism of his lack of 'adaptability' to the harsh conditions of the castaway, but without resentment or self-justification. Of the animosity shown by the Scandinavians to the *Italia's* crew, and especially to Nobile, he makes little and only tactful reference, and he makes it amply clear that (at any rate at the conclusion of the adventure) he did not share the popular feeling. Whatever Nobile's failings were—and he has been sharply censured by an investigating commission—Captain Lundborg exonerates him entirely from all responsibility for being the first to be picked up. He states definitely that this was done under the directions of the head of the Swedish expedition because it was hoped that the General would be able to give the various relieving groups valuable information and advice, and also because he was suffering from a broken leg.

In short, the book is a clear and fascinating account of a great venture described by one of its chief participants, and the reader gradually builds up a most attractive picture of the author. In addition there are a large number of excellent photographs.

H. K. G.

ETCHINGS OF TODAY. Introduction by W. Gaunt, (*The Studio*; pp. 24 and 120 plates; 7/6).

In *Etchings of Today* the Studio publishers have given us one hundred and twenty excellent reproductions of etchings, dry points and aquatints done in Europe and America during the past four or five years. Nearly half the examples are from British artists, but there are enough from France, Austria, Poland, and even Russia, to show the high quality, and by implication, the large volume of work being turned out in post-war Europe. There is little to be said in review of such a volume except to recommend it highly to all who, like the writer, have wasted hours in trying to decide which etching in an exhibition would really look and last well on his own walls.

The British section is almost uniformly respectable but not always interesting. There are certain exceptions, such as the portrait of Yeats by Augustus John, in which the unshaven poet resembles a workless miner on the dole, and a charming dry point by Stella Steyn 'In a Galway Port,' done in the manner of a nine-year-old. For the most part there is a heaviness and stolidity about the British work that one does not associate with etching and dry point, and that perhaps makes it a little hard to appreciate on first sight. This is particularly true of some of the landscapes. Dowd's study of children 'Watching the Breakers' and Nevinson's 'Westminster' are of a different order, and very charming. The American and the French sections have much in common. Lightness, sureness of touch, and an ever present irony are to be found in both. The love of humanity does not seem to flourish in democratic republics. A magnificent dry point study of action is de Sagonzac's 'La Boite.' It may be anatomically impossible but it is an artistic triumph. Of such works as Davies 'Antique Mirror' and Dufresne's 'En Escole' it is only possible to quote W. S. Gilbert's comment on Sir H— T—'s Hamlet. They are 'Funny without being vulgar.'

The reproductions of the colour etchings are admirable.

Novels That Will Be Widely Discussed

THE UNCERTAIN TRUMPET

By A. S. M. Hutchinson

Author of "If Winter Comes"

Comedy, drama and the deepest sincerity fill this story of human relations in a village of the English hunting country, where David Quest, the young vicar, finds three souls needing particular help—Sir Pelham Heritage, whose sins are of the spirit; his charming wife, Dawn; and his half-brother, Banjo, whose sins are of the flesh. **\$2.00.**

ZERO HOUR

By Georg Grabenhorst

The experiences on the Western Front of an officer-candidate of good family, closely paralleling those of the author. A book written without bias, it is the work of a real poet and a loyal comrade. This fine novel has been highly recommended by the famous German author, Thomas Mann. **\$2.00.**

CHARIOT WHEELS

By Sylvia Thompson

Author of "The Hounds of Spring"

In this searching story of a novelist who finds that certain love affairs add to his life a drama useful in his writing, this brilliant young Englishwoman shows that while Sauce for the Gander may be Sauce for the Goose it is something quite different for the poor bewildered Gosling. An Atlantic novel. **\$2.00.**

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These are chiefly from Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. One of a park in Paris, by an Austrian, gives the spirit of the place with a reality that is startling; and this with an almost complete lack of detail. One wonders if a Frenchman could have done as well. The publishers are to be congratulated on a volume that will be a source of interest and pleasure to all amateurs who regard pictures as something other than a mere excuse for acrimonious controversy.

M.D.

THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 333; \$2.00).

Mary Roberts Rinehart was unique in the world of literature. Her stories *Tish*, *The Sub Deb*, *23½ Hours Leave* were delightful. Her mystery and her love stories were entertaining and satisfying. She supplied a definite human want, and now she has left her niche and we do not know just how well we like it. This latest one is a sad serious tale concerned with Missie Colfax and life—its tragedies, uncertainties, disappointments, and hatreds. All that side of life is faithfully portrayed, and how unhappy everybody is. This reviewer wishes that Mary Roberts Rinehart had stayed with characters like *Tish*, the *Sub Deb* and "K" instead of succumbing to the lure of 'life as it really is'.

There is Stella, a product of the Burlesque, who married a Colfax but could not keep him. She finally commits suicide. There are her two daughters Ellen and Missie. Ellen marries a mechanic, Tommy, who makes his fortune in the automobile industry. Her ambition is to have people fighting to be asked to her house and it is gratified. Missie, and the story is mainly about her, marries a wealthy sensual man about town, Wesley. He has no understanding or sympathy for her delicate and sensitive personality, and their marriage is a failure. Kirby Phelp comes into her life too late. Missie could have loved him, but when she finds she is to bear Wesley's child there is nothing for her to do. Finally she does leave Wesley but then she has to chose between her son Eddie, and her lover Kirby, and she goes back to her husband. Her one aim in life from then on is to build up in Eddie's mind the illusion of a perfect father. Wesley nearly shatters this ideal, but Missie with more than human courage and imagination saves it. Unfortunately her son does not repay her in like coin for her devotion and unselfishness. After the war, he marries one, Mary Elizabeth, who, jealous of her mother-in-law, very nearly succeeds in wrecking her life totally and forever. And there it ends. It is not a novel to read when one is feeling low.

M.R.T.M.

SUMMER LIGHTNING, by P. G. Wodehouse (McCelland & Stewart; pp. 318; \$2.00).

A critic wrote of Mr. Wodehouse's last novel that it contained 'all the old Wodehouse characters under different names.' In a preface to the present volume the author informs us that he 'has outgeneralled the man this time by putting in all the old Wodehouse characters under the same names,' and observes with satisfaction, 'Pretty silly it will make him feel I rather fancy.' Mr. Wodehouse, of course, as the author of such varied and powerful creations as 'The Oldest Member,' 'Ukridge,' and 'Mr. Mulliner,' could have afforded to ignore the fellow; but we are glad he seized the excuse to return to Blandings Castle and give us the latest news of those charming people, Lord Emsworth and Ronnie Fish, Hugo Carmody, The Efficient Baxter, Pilbeam, and Butler Beach—all these old friends having suffered much in

an imbroglio caused by the crossed wires of two love affairs and involving Lord Emsworth's prize sow and the MS. of the Hon. Galahad Threepwood's memoirs. Mr. Wodehouse's characters are not the sort of people you meet every day; they are, we must admit with regret, a sort of people you will never meet; but the secret of their author's art is that these preposterous creatures of his fancy act with faithful consistency from the first page to the last, so that situations of exquisite absurdity come about in the most natural way in the world. As for Mr. Wodehouse's now perfected style, it is just like stout pouring out of a bottle—a silken flow punctuated by rich gurgles.

R. DE B.

THE RHYTHMS OF LIFE, and other Essays in Science, by D. F. Fraser-Harris (George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., pp. xviii, 185; 5/).

This is another group of popular biological essays by Dr. Fraser-Harris, who carries on the tradition of Huxley and other 19th century biologists, in his unwearied efforts to give scientific ideas, clad in simple, and as far as possible, non-technical garb, to the interested layman.

Dr. Fraser-Harris has not only wide biological knowledge but he has a gift of literary expression well suited to the requirements of the popular scientific essay. There is nothing in this collection of essays to daunt the unscientific mind. The average newspaper reader laps up the pseudo-scientific concoctions of the ill-informed journalist, but is apt to shy at the writings of a genuine scientist. In *The Rhythms of Life* he will get his science easily, but he will get it free from large admixtures of balderdash.

The array of topics is an inviting one. *The Rhythms of Life*, *Animal Electricity*, *the Eye as a Camera*, *Are Women more Sensitive than Men?*, *Blaming the Air*, *Physiology and Vital Force*, *The Place and Power of the Nervous System and its Relation to the Mind*, are a selection of the wares offered for our delectation. In particular *Physiology and Vital Force* is a brief but sensible contribution to the long drawn out controversy between the Vitalists and Mechanists.

In the titular essay of the volume there occurs a curious arithmetical approximation. The period of the heart cycle is calculated from the average pulse rate of 72 per minute,

60

as—or eight-tenths of a second!

72

However, we need not carp at a vulgar fraction when there are greater issues at stake and we recommend this pleasantly-written book to the intelligent lay reader looking for an hour or two of informative reading.

S. B.

THURMAN LUCAS, by Harlan Eugene Read (Macmillan in Canada; pp. 418; \$2.50).

Thurman Lucas went to prison through the malevolence of a rival when he 'borrowed' a horse and wagon to take Viola for a drive. His unsuccessful attempt to escape brought him an extended sentence. Viola bravely struggled against a cruel world and hoped for his return. Of her struggles, and of her final if brief reunion with her lover, this book is the story. It is melodramatic in construction and rough in style, but vivid in the telling, and its descriptions carry the impression of reality.

E.M.

Do WE AGREE? A Debate between G. K. Chesterton and Bernard Shaw, with Hilaire Belloc in the chair (Louis Carrier; pp. 47; 60 cents).

This little book is what might have been expected—highly delightful but highly inconclusive; it is as if two skilled swordsmen engaged at a hundred paces distance. The honours of the debate rest—this is wildly unusual—with the chairman, who refused to sum up and recited a poem instead (probably written while the debate was in progress). The first stanza runs thus:—

Our Civilization
Is built upon coal
Let us chaunt in rotation
Our Civilization
That lump of damnation
Without any soul,
Our Civilization
Is built upon Coal.

There is more, but if you wish to read it you must buy the book, which is certainly worth four cigars.

G. N.

THE VERY END, by Osbert Burdett (Scholaris Press; pp. 178; 7/6).

In this volume Mr. Burdett has collected half a dozen *jeux d'esprit*, sketches rather than stories. Only one is particularly serious in its intent; the others range in tone from the flippant to the fanciful—not, perhaps, a very wide range, but one within which considerable amusement may be found. So we are presented with a short triangle play which has a piquant touch of novelty; with a Perfect Host who discovered a new way to make his dinners interesting; with the final act of this mundane drama, in which the Last Trump is preceded by the somewhat unusual phenomenon of the fig-leaves falling from the statues in the Vatican. Not, perhaps, a very significant collection of tales, but one over which it is possible to relax most enjoyably.

E. M.

FIREFLIES, by Rabindranath Tagore (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 274; \$2.50).

A collection of exquisite tiny poems that show Tagore's marvellously gentle loveliness. As examples:—

Leaves are silences
around flowers that are their words.
Beauty knows to say 'Enough'
barbarism clamours for still more.

The decorations by Artzybasheff are exquisitely in keeping with the text.

G. N.



PÈRE MARQUETTE, by Agnes Repplier. (Doubleday, Doran and Gundy; pp. 298; \$3.00).

Creator of numerous books and a professed worshipper at the shrine of the charming Maurois, Agnes Repplier, in the book now under review, shows neither the results of great experience in writing nor the benefits of profound admiration for the great French biographer. *Père Marquette*, as I see it, is a hopeless failure and one that should be allowed to disappear as quickly and as quietly as possible. Cast aside the valuable and interesting extracts from the

Jesuit *Relations* and from the authoritative Parkman, and what remains? Nothing but the disjointed, scarcely recognizable skeleton of organization, and a tattered mass of flat, platitudinous nothings, which might have been digressions of the better kind if they had not failed.

Portions of the conclusion descend to even a lower plane than that reached by the remainder of the book. For, in these last parting moments, the authoress undergoes a severe attack of sentimentality. Two extracts will suffice. The first refers to the great honours bestowed by loving mortals upon the name of Marquette:—

.... Of all the tributes that have been paid to Père Marquette, the most striking to my mind is the giving of his name to a railway system in Michigan. The mere sight of

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this road's time tables, ornamented with a picture of a particularly snorty and smoke-blowing engine, makes one think anew of the two little boats threading their slow and difficult way through the dangerous currents of the Mississippi.

The second concerns the name of Joliet:—

If Joliet has fewer monuments and no railway system to his credit, his name is just as familiar to our generation. It is borne by half-a-dozen towns and villages in the United States and in Canada The capital of Will County, Illinois, and only thirty-seven miles from Chicago, Joliet manufactures everything from tin plates to steel. Its limestone is among the best of limestones, its prison is one of the handsomest in the state, and more barbed wire (horrid stuff!) is made there than anywhere else in the country.

No more need be said. The book itself has spoken.

May Marquette and his comrades soon be honoured by a great biographer, so that once again they may rest in that peace which has been so rudely disturbed by this most painful work.

S.R.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF LOUIS XIV, by Louis Bertrand (Louis Carrier & Co.; pp. 189; \$2.50).

M. Bertrand has nothing to say, and he says it badly. There may be some point in attempting at this stage to find excuses for the amorous adventures of the Grande Monarque, but if so, it has escaped the reviewer. One looks in a volume of this sort for either an adequate presentation of character or an interesting description of episodes, and M. Bertrand provides neither. It is therefore unfortunate that he has also failed to find any compensating interest to make the volume worth even the brief time which might be spent in reading it.

E. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN BOOKS

YOUTH AND OTHER POEMS, by John Linnell (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 76; \$2.00).

THREE AGAINST THE GANG, by Norman Blake (Blackie & Son Ltd.; pp. 207; \$1.00).

SHRIEKS AND CRASHES, by Wilfred Brenton Kerr (Hunter Rose; pp. 218; \$3.00).

GENERAL

POEMS OF LEISURE, by 'ELL' (Arthur H. Stockwell Ltd.; pp. 20; 1/-).

CLASS OF 1920, by Ernst Glaeser (Viking Press-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 397; \$2.50).

PEASANT ART IN ROUMANIA, by George Oprescu (The Studio; illustrations and colour plates; pp. 182; 7/6).

HEROES OF PEACE, by Archer Wallace (Mussion Book Co.; pp. ix, 133; \$1.00).

THE LAMP AND THE LUTE, by Bonamy Dobree (Oxford University Press; pp. xvi, 133).

THUCYDIDES AND THE SCIENCE OF HISTORY, by Charles Norris Cochrane (Oxford University Press; pp. 180; 10/-).

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF DIPLOMATIC EVENTS IN MANCHURIA, by Sir Harold Parlett (Oxford University Press; pp. 93; 4/6).

THE CHILD'S APPROACH TO RELIGION, by the Rev. H. W. Fox (Williams & Norgate Ltd.; pp. 95; 3/6).

ANIMALS LOOKING AT YOU, by Paul Eipper (Viking Press-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 163; \$3.00).

THE UNCERTAIN TRUMPET, by A. S. M. Hutchinson (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 420; \$2.00).

MEMORY, by William Lyon Phelps (E. P. Dutton & Co.; pp. 50; \$1.00).

PEACE, by S. Parkes Cadman (E. P. Dutton & Co.; pp. 71; \$1.00).

MOTHER AND SON, by Kathleen Norris (E. P. Dutton & Co.; pp. 32; \$1.00).

MASTERS OF ETCHING, L. C. Rosenberg (The Studio; pp. 10 and 12 plates; 5/-).

FAMOUS WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS, Thomas Rowlandson, 1757-1827 (The Studio; pp. 10 and 8 plates; 5/-).

POSTERS AND PUBLICITY, 1929, edited by F. A. Mercer and W. Grant (The Studio; pp. 164; illustrations and colour prints; 7/6).

STANISLAS KONARSKI, by William J. Rose (Cape-Nelson; pp. 288; \$2.50).

THE BOOK OF JOB, its Substance and Spirit, by W. G. Jordan (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 191; \$2.00).

STERILIZATION FOR HUMAN BETTERMENT, by E. S. Gosney and Paul Popenoe (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xviii, 202; \$2.25).

UP TO NOW, an Autobiography by Alfred E. Smith (Viking Press-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 434; \$5.00).

THE LITTLE ENTENTE, by Robert Machray (Allen & Unwin; pp. 394; 12/6).

A HISTORY OF BRITISH WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS, by H. M. Cundall (B. T. Batsford Ltd.; pp. 236 and 63 plates; 25/-).

SELF-DETERMINATION FOR AUSTRIA, by F. F. G. Kleinwachter (Allen & Unwin; pp. 74; 3/6).

THE GOLDEN WIND, by Takashi Ohta and Margaret Sperry (Charles Boni Paper Books; pp. 269).

THE WORLD'S MASTERS—Goya (The Studio; introduction and 24 plates; 1/-).

THE WORLD'S MASTERS—Daumier (The Studio; introduction and 24 plates; 1/-).

MY LIFE OF MAGIC, by Howard Thurston (Dorrance Co.; pp. 273; \$2.50).

PLUPPY, by Henry A. Shute (Dorrance & Co.; pp. 256; \$2.00).

THE HOUSE OF CAIN, by Arthur W. Upfield (Dorrance & Co.; pp. 286; \$2.00).

MATTER, LIFE AND VALUE, by C. E. M. Joad (Oxford University Press; pp. xviii, 416; \$5.00).



CO-OPERATIVE IDEALS

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

As I happen to be one of the Farmers mentioned in Mr. Axelson's article in the September issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM I was quite interested in what he had to say about 'Educating the Farmers.' While admitting that the farmer could do with more knowledge than he has at present, I am concerned in what this knowledge is to consist of. His definition of the ends and aims of the Educational League is quite extensive. Ultimately, he wants a 'world-control'



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indicated in the nature of the case, was that the editor in no way guaranteed that the stories in his compilation were good short stories, but only that they were the best short stories.

Let us avoid indignation lest the Club reply in similar vein that 'The Book-of-the-Month' is not The only book, nor even *The* book that the author wrote.

If I were a citizen of the U.S. I should be seriously indignant, but after all, for us it is a trivial matter. It simply means that a substantial body of Canadians will buy the English in preference to the U.S. edition (however sponsored) of works appearing in the future.

Yours, etc.,

R. MacCALLUM.

LOCAL IMPROVEMENT

The Editor, *THE CANADIAN FORUM*.

Sir:

The old house on the corner of Bedford Road and Bloor Street, Toronto, has been sold and is being torn down, which will make widened Bloor Street more dreary than ever. It seems to me that old house with its silver poplars, maples, and lilacs was the most interesting building on Bloor Street, more so to me than the Museum or Queen's Park Plaza or Aldine House or the Medical Arts Building.

The Museum is full of Chinese and European objects, and will probably be enlarged to hold more of them, while finer Canadian things, really part of our country, are given over to the wreckers.

Yours, etc.,

THOREAU MACDONALD.

THE LITTLE THEATRES

HART HOUSE THEATRE

WHEN the first week of September had passed without announcement of plans or programme for Hart House, it began to be assumed that rumour was for once correct and the coming winter would find that stage regrettably dark. About the middle of the month the Syndics made an unsolicited offer of the directorship to Edgar Stone, who accepted the position. There will be four major productions, including the usual Canadian bill, and the new Director is to devote part of his time, as opportunity arises, to the aid and encouragement of dramatic activities within the University of Toronto.

This second item on the season's agenda is not, of course, new, issuing as it does from Carroll Aikins' very successful venture into Shakespeare, with a student company playing the provincial high schools, but it does give room for more complete and systematized effort than has yet been expended on the problem of establishing a firm and cordial liaison between the Hart House Theatre and the work of the many student dramatic societies. Edgar Stone is peculiarly well placed and equipped to

EVERYMAN'S OUTLOOK

In that first number of *EVERYMAN* the Editor wrote: "This journal is intended to do something towards bringing within the reach of every man the opportunity of receiving from literature and the arts the inspiration that in times past has been the privilege of the few. We shall treat literature and the other subjects with which we shall be concerned as living matters of significance to all men and women in their ordinary lives."

REGULAR FEATURES OF EVERYMAN

These include *Everyman at Large*, a weekly commentary on outstanding events and topics of the week by S. K. Ratcliffe; *Studies of Modern Writers* with lists of their works; *A Book of the Week*; *Reviews of new books*; *A Short Story*, selected for its literary interest; *A Bookman's Diary*.

Social Questions are dealt with in expository articles of which *Everyman's Guide to Social and Political Questions* has already appeared, and a new series entitled, *Some Vital Questions of the Day* is now being published.

Other Regular Features are *At The Theatre*, *The Films*, *Travel Section*, *Competitions*, *Health Notes*, *Correspondence*, *Nature Notes*, *Book Collecting Notes*, &c.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Unconventionality and freshness have characterized these articles, a full list of which it is impossible to give here. The contributors include Eden Phillpotts, John Drinkwater, Dr. Maclean Watt, C. Delisle Burns, Humbert Wolfe, J. A. Hobson, F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, H. W. Nevinson, Arthur Machen, Maude Royden, M. Paul Painleve, G. K. Chesterton, Ivor Brown, Bertrand Russell, Jim Tully, &c., &c.

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carry out the Syndics' plans, both public and academic. Himself a product of the Hart House stage (he has worked with each of his predecessors) the new Director is keenly and understandingly aware of the difficulties and dangers and—it may as well be said—animosities that seem to be inseparable from the conduct of such undertakings. He knows the backstage gossip and grumbling as no previous director has had the chance of knowing them, and he has for years been in close touch with informed opinion from the spectator's side of the curtain.

The new Director has a firmly established reputation as a player, and some of his rôles are cited as among the best in the history of the Little Theatre in Toronto, notably the Tony Lumpkin under Bertram Forsyth on the Margaret Eaton stage, and Blotch in the *Shepherdess without a heart*. But his main interest has always been in the technique and mechanics of stage work, and latterly Mr. Stone has done far more directing than acting and is credited with a number of successful and beautiful productions, outstanding among which are the St. Aidan's Dramatic Club's *Dear Brutus* and *The Dragon* with the undergraduates of Trinity College.

The season's bill will in all probability be published before these pages see the light, but there is one thing about it that the Director wants clearly understood, it is this: the Hart House Theatre, as operated by the Syndics, is primarily a place of entertainment and must pay its way. There is no endowment to cover the probable losses on experimentation, and the kind of play to be produced will be the kind of play that will appeal to an intelligent but not technically-minded audience. The Director believes that the pioneering side of the theatre's activities is better left, for the present, in the hands of student clubs that have their own public and can for a very reasonable sum command the equipment of the theatre along with the service and advice of the whole staff. It is now possible for a university club to have a play put on with the same care in rehearsal that is given to the plays on the regular bill.

Producing for student societies is only one of the possible forms of co-operation between the Theatre and the University; the stage and staff will be available to assist academic groups that may wish to give a workshop production of plays from the literary curriculum. The Department of Extension has already spread its aegis over an undertaking of that nature (see below) and the day may not be distant when Terence and Calderon will be billed with student and faculty casts.

Finally, the Director wants the green room of Hart House Theatre to be the artistic home of all, within or without the University, who are non-professionally interested in the drama or any of its allied arts and crafts; and tea is shortly after five, except Saturday and Sunday.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION AND THE LITTLE THEATRE

TORONTO is experimenting in dramatic education. Last year H. A. Voaden conducted an evening class in acting and producing at the High School of Commerce, while for the coming

season Hart House was planning a series of *causeries* on the plays and playwrights of the winter's bill. These efforts are now to be combined with the University's Extension Lectures on the Drama, and the result is announced as a course in Play-producing.

Mr. Voaden is in general charge of the work. The main stress will be laid on the needs of High School stages and directors, and laboratory work will be done on the plays now in preparation for provincial examinations. The Director and Syndics of Hart House Theatre have offered their stage and apparatus for some of the work, and when possible the actual problems and activities of that theatre will be taken as material for discussion.

Classes are offered in (i) the History of the Drama and the Theatre, (ii) Play-production and the Art of the Theatre, and (iii) Acting and Play-directing. Special topics and instructors in the second group are:—Creative Costume and Design, Arthur Lismer; Scene Design and Painting, L. Warrenner; Model Making, Masks, and scene construction, J. Byres; Period Costume, Melville Keay; Make-up, Edgar Stone; Lighting, Colin Tait; Stage management, G. Liston. The division of Acting and Play-directing will concern itself with the rehearsal and performance of Shakespearean plays, under the instruction of Mrs. Dora Mavor Moore, H. A. Voaden and Glen Liston. Rhythm and gesture will be taught by Mme Lasserre, Professor of Dalcroze Eurythmics in the Conservatory of Music.

Such in outline is the scheme. It can be confidently predicted, since many of the students will be members of the Ontario College of Education, that the instruction given in this course, and the stimulus that it cannot fail to produce, will bear fruit in all parts of the province: and it is not too much to hope that this admirable move on the part of the University may be a step towards the foundation of a chair of Dramatic Art. There are already two nice little pulpits in Hart House Theatre.

R. K. H.

* * *

ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

THE Philharmonic Society at the Ontario Agricultural College is by no means a new thing; it dates back to 1909 when the Chapel Choir first organized and began to produce sacred cantatas and occasional plays in the old gymnasium.

Since 1925 however, when the new Memorial Hall was opened and the society found itself in possession of a well-equipped stage, the work has grown steadily until it now comprises a definite schedule of one act plays for literary society meetings, two full length plays in spring and fall, and one operetta each year.

As the Hall seats almost 900 people, plays are performed for just one evening; operettas for two. Both students and faculty take part in the productions, sometimes appearing together, and sometimes in all student or all faculty casts.

The Philharmonic Society includes the whole student body, who pay a membership fee of one dollar annually. A student dramatic manager is

appointed and takes charge of the business work for the year, and a student stage manager is responsible for the settings. Scenery is painted entirely by students, and some remarkably lovely things have been designed.

Mrs. E. C. McLean has been Director since 1925 and under her able guidance the standard of the productions has been steadily raised and some really noteworthy results have been attained.

The following plays have been staged:—

Pantaloon, J. M. Barrie; *Suppressed Desires*, S. Glaspell; *Trysting Place*, B. Tarkington; *Will o' the Wish*, D. Halman; *Thursday Evening*, C. Morley; *The Florist Shop*, W. Hawkridge; *Mr. Pim Passes By*, A. A. Milne; *The Lost Silk Hat*, Dunsany; *Good Theatre*, C. Morley; *The Knave of Hearts*, L. Saunders; *A Night at an Inn*, Dunsany; *The Green Goddess*, William Archer; *The Pot Boiler*, A. Gerstenberg; *The Rising of the Moon*, Lady Gregory; *Trifles*, S. Glaspell; *Brothers in Arms*, M. Denison; *The Admirable Crichton*, J. M. Barrie; *The Boy Comes Home*, A. A. Milne; *The Bath Room Door*, Jennings; *Moonshine*, Hopkins; *You never can tell*, G. B. Shaw; *Aren't we all?* F. Lonsdale; *The Pirates of Penzance*, Gilbert and Sullivan.

J. M. McALLA.

* * *

The libretto, by J. Murray Gibbon, of *Prince Charlie and Flora*, a ballad opera, is published by J. M. Dent and Sons. Healy Willan made the music, and a most successful première was given at the Scottish Festival held at Banff in August.

* * *

The Theatre Arts Group of Toronto has held its first annual meeting and elected Lt.-Col. T. C. Evans as President. The Secretary is Miss Marjorie Miliken, 170 Douglas Drive, Toronto. The Club has two modern plays under consideration for production: Miles Madison's *Conflict*, and Noel Coward's *The Young Idea*. A programme of plays for presentation on school stages is being discussed.

* * *

THE CANADIAN FORUM will be glad to receive announcements of the season's programme from other Little Theatres.

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Phineas Finn

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